



No. 130.—Vol. X.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 24, 1895.

SIXPENCE.
By Post, 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ d.



MISS VIOLET BROOKE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY W. AND D. DOWNEY, EBURY STREET, S.W.

THE OMAR KHAYYAM CLUB.

Not mid the London dust and glare,
The wheels and rattle, the lamps and flare,
But down in the deep green Surrey dingle
You drink to Omar in fragrant air!

So began Mr. Andrew Lang's greeting to "Omar's Friends at Burford Bridge." It was a happy idea that took them, on July 13, to the famous hostelry, hard by Mr. George Meredith's house on Box Hill—thrice happy, they thought, when, at the end of the dinner, Mr. Meredith

appeared and received a vociferous welcome. That he was deeply touched by this spontaneous enthusiasm was soon apparent in the brief but delightful speech in which he acknowledged the admirably worded little address from that personification of genial kindness, Mr. Edward Clodd, the President of the Club. Mr. Meredith said he had never spoken "on his legs" before, and he reprobated with great good-humour the "dastardly deceiver" who had assured him that no speech would be expected. The few words, delivered with the racy and mellow robustness which is so characteristic of the great novelist's talk, gave a remarkable stimulus to the gathering. The

OMAR KHAYYAM
.. CLUB ..

BURFORD BRIDGE.

July 13th, 1895.

ONE CUP IN JOY BEFORE THE BANQUET ENDS
ONE THOUGHT FOR VANISHED, FOR TRANSFIGURED
FRIENDS.

STARS ON THE LIVING CORE OF HEAVEN EMBOSSED,
THE HEAVEN OF LOVE THAT OVER US BEAMS AND
BENDS!

ROSES AND BAY FOR MANY A PHANTOM DEAD!
DEATH IS BUT WHAT WE MAKE IT—FOR THE DEAD
WIELD HARD IN MEMORY, WHOM WE LOVED AND LOST
SHALL LIVE WHILE BLOOD IS WARM AND WINE IS RED

Edmund Gosse

FRONTISPIECE OF THE MENU CARD.

President read Mr. Lang's poem, which was suggested by an interesting anecdote told by Louis Stevenson, who, during a visit to Burford Bridge, was haunted by an old Jacobite legend of a man striking the shutters with a riding-whip as a warning to his friends within—

Here, he said, was a tale to tell
Of Burford Bridge in the lonely dell,
A tale of the friends of the real White Roses;
But he told it not, who had told it well.

Drink to him, then, ere the night be sped!
Drink to his name while the wine is red!
To Trenchard drink, and Tassitalk,
The King that is gone, and the friend that's dead!

Mr. Edmund Gosse recited his admirable quatrains on the menu card, and then Mr. L. F. Austin proposed the toast of "The Visitors." Expressing the joy of the Club in the presence of Mr. Cook, of the *Westminster Gazette*, and Mr. Harry Cust, of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, he said that to have withdrawn such a notable constellation from the murky atmosphere of politics to the clear and tranquil glow of the Omar Club was a considerable achievement. It was with pain, however, he had noticed that the *Westminster* and the *Pall Mall* had appeared that day as usual, for he had cherished the hope that, with a view to purifying themselves for the evening's ceremonial, Mr. Cook and Mr. Cust would abstain for one afternoon from the hideous orgies of the General Election. Politics had ceased to interest him since he gathered up the fragments of a distracted middle-age and fled with them from the Parliamentary Press Gallery, where nothing had cheered him in old times save the image of Mr. Massingham fast asleep, the sweet Eudymion of the *Daily Chronicle*, wooed by the moonshine of John Burns. He was glad to see such eminent journalists forgetting politics and programmes, and other evanescent things, in order to worship, in a hostelry consecrated, he understood, to fugitive loves, the pure spirit of literature. Adverting to the presence of Mr. Meredith and Mr. Thomas Hardy, Mr. Austin said it was difficult to speak of Mr. Meredith without an overwhelming sense of personal obligation, and the tremors natural to the neophyte who approached the burning bush of English letters. So much of the philosophy in our literature, of its divining imagination, of its illuminating humour, of its subtlest essence of life, had been nourished at that flame, that the most audacious critic might quail before Mr. Meredith in the flesh. In the early days of the Club there had been a yearning for feminine society. The argument was that true Omarians ought to be tended by fair hands; and, if those hands were the hands of Rhoda Fleming and Tess of the D'Urbervilles, of Sandra Belloni and Bustacia Vye, of Rose Harrington and Bathsheba Everdene, of Lucy Feverel and A Group of Noble Dames, the members of the Club would kiss them with a rapture which could

now be expressed only in feeble words as a tribute to the great writers who had created them. Mr. Hardy replied in a graceful speech, in which he described his early obligations to Mr. Meredith, and Mr. George Gissing charmed the company with an anecdote of Mr. Meredith in the days when the author of "Richard Feverel" was a publisher's "reader," and when he discussed a manuscript novel of Mr. Gissing's, in an interview with the writer, with so much sympathy for a younger brother in letters that Mr. Gissing wondered who this astonishing "reader" could be. Mr. Harry Cust provoked great mirth with a speech full of impromptu quips, of which the most successful was a burlesque of a much-quoted stanza in a well-known poem—

She cares not for her broken vow,
Tho' God Himself come down to slate her;
She's mother-in-law to the North Pole now,
And maiden aunt to the Equator!

Mr. Cook also made a notable contribution to the general vivacity, which was crowned by a telegram from Mr. J. M. Barrie, who was prevented from attending by an engagement to rival W. G. Grace in a cricket match. "Glorious victory," telegraphed Mr. Barrie. "We challenge the Omar Club." It remains to be added that one item in the menu was "Boiled Chestnuts," which, out of consideration, no doubt, for the feelings of the journalists, were not served.

AN EVENING OF PECULIAR DELIRIUM.

Albeit a child no longer, I am childishly afraid of the dark. It is, in my mind, unpleasantly associated with magic lanterns. Seldom am I left alone in a dark room without feeling that suddenly, upon the opposite wall, will be flashed a disc of light, encircling a group of Bedouin Arabs, or the Piazza at Venice, or the antennæ of a moth. Also, I particularly dislike Northumberland Avenue, and thus, when, last Wednesday night, I found there a very large crowd (crowds I abominate!) of very noisy people, gazing up at an illuminated sheet, I was not only puzzled, but appalled. By what spirit of morbid curiosity I was impelled to stop the driver, and leap, as I did, lightly from my cab, I know not. Certainly I shall not easily forget that scene. The hoarse yells of delight with which these grown-up persons welcomed the portraits of elderly gentlemen, whose appearance did not seem to me to warrant enthusiasm, recalled to me the darkest days of my childhood. I wondered who was giving the treat, and why; evidently there was a wish to combine amusement with instruction, for every now and then, instead of a picture, there appeared a simple sum in subtraction, neatly worked out in four or five figures, and these sums, strangely enough, seemed to delight the crowd as much as the pictures. I could see nothing in them myself. I proved one of them on a slip of paper, and found it correct. The crowd seemed to regard them as triumphs of the higher ingenuity.

Turning to some cabotin who stood, unshorn and squat, at my elbow, I asked to what we owed the pleasure of the magic lantern and the simple arithmetic.

"Well, Guv'nor," he replied, "that 'ere is jest the foam o' the flowin' tide, as I might say. Clap yer optic on to that 'ere sheet, and yer git the results o' the good old General Election."

"And what is the General Election?" was my interested rejoinder. Following a well-known precedent, he asked me a question of his own, before he would commit himself—

"Was you born yesterday, my noble toff, or was I?"

Pending repartee, I eyed him coldly, and felt quite glad when I sighted a friend who was hurrying by, in a state of acute animal excitement, and invited me, with a roar, to "come on into the club and see the fun." In the hall we were stopped by a hoarse man, who said, "Arnold Morley's out." However, we had not come to see the mysterious Arnold Morley, and, leaving our coats with a porter (himself by no means calm), my friend sped me down tiled corridors into a large room so full of smoke that it was not for a long time that I could distinguish anything.

There was no magic lantern. Instruction, radically divorced from amusement, seemed to be the object of this curious congress. Upon a raised dais at the end of the room, with a little machine ticking by his side, sat an elderly man who wore spectacles. Behind him was a great board covered with names of places (was he teaching geography to bearded pupils?) and of men (these had nothing to do with history), and a great many more of those silly little sums in subtraction. Now and again the elderly man would read a few figures aloud, his pupils listening in silence till he had finished, and then, for the most part, groaning audibly. It struck me that, if these men, whose early education had evidently been neglected, came at all to this night-school to acquire in their maturity what in childhood had been withheld from them, they would have done better had they applied themselves to their simple studies in a spirit less unruly. On the whole, I was not favourably impressed by the demeanour of the pupils. There was no hilarity, it is true, nor horseplay, but a sullen spirit of revolt against arithmetic. Clouds of tobacco-smoke came rolling down in denser volumes from the ceiling. With each new sum the temper of the assembly grew more sinister. I was not sorry to go.

As I passed through the hall, someone whom I did not know asked me what I wanted to come there for with a white tie on. I pointed out to him that the sun had set.

MAX BERNBOM.

"NECESSITY HAS NO LAW."

CHARACTERS: HARRY NORCROSS, a barrister; HIS WIFE;
GEORGE NORCROSS, his elder brother, a City man.

SCENE: A room in Pump Court. On the mantel-shelf, prominently displayed, one dusty brief marked "a guinea."

HARRY (*pacing restlessly to and fro*). Why doesn't George come? If he doesn't let me have that two hundred I suppose the furniture will have to go. What will Queenie say, and how can I tell her? Poor little girl! (GEORGE NORCROSS *enters*.) How are you, George? You got my note?

GEORGE. Yes. You are in difficulties again, eh? (*Sits down with his hands in his pockets and stretches his legs*.) Humph!

HARRY. If you knew how I hated to ask you, but I couldn't help myself.

GEORGE. Don't bother; I can spare the money, old chap. (*Extracts cheque from pocket-book*.) Here you are.

HARRY. You were always a brick, George. Thanks, immensely! I'll repay you as soon as I can possibly manage it.

GEORGE. Repay me out of what? That kind of thing? (*Contemptuously indicates the guinea brief*.)

HARRY. You *will* have your fling at the profession. You know as well as I do that a barrister can't expect to do much the first few years, no matter what ability he may have. He must wait.

GEORGE. And that's just it; you can't afford to wait. Harry, I've told you before and I tell you again—you never made a bigger mistake than when you read for the Bar. It is preposterous for a man without interest or an income to go in for it. You may have the makings of a Clarke or a Russell in you, but who's to know it? No amount of energy can push you on. You can only stick your name on your door and eat your heart out waiting for the briefs that don't come. You would have done far better in commerce, but you hated the idea, and wouldn't listen to me. Well, here's the result. You are now five-and-twenty; you've been at it three years, and that guinea over there represents your earnings for—?

HARRY. A week.

GEORGE (*grimly*). And you can't depend on making even that magnificent sum regularly. (*Sits up*.) Now listen: I've wanted to have a few words with you about your affairs for a long while, and there's no time like the present. Don't think I'm claiming the right to preach because I've lent you money. I hope I'm not such a cad as that, although I'm in the City.

HARRY. Old fellow!

GEORGE. The fact is, I've a suggestion to make to you. You know I'm doing well, that the business is a good one, and can be developed enormously. In America, for instance, we might—well, we can go into that later. Harry, there's a living in it for more than one. Chuck this up and try Mark Lane, and you can have a share in the concern.

HARRY. Leave the Bar?

GEORGE. Why not?

HARRY. Give up my profession?

GEORGE (*snapping his fingers*). That for your profession! What has it done for you?

HARRY. Ah, George, you don't understand what a big thing it is you ask of me. You don't understand! It's awfully good of you. I'm quite aware that you are giving me a chance that not one man in a million gets. But to give up my profession—my ambition! It is too awful!

GEORGE. Then you should never have married.

HARRY. I should never have married?

GEORGE. Certainly not. A young fellow at the Bar has no right to a wife. If you choose to live on bread-and-butter and ambition, you have no right to make a delicate young girl do the same. You, so to speak, gave up your privilege to please yourself on the day you became a husband.

HARRY (*in a low tone*). Perhaps there is something in what you say. It never struck me before. You've hit the right nail on the head, George; don't—don't hammer at it.

GEORGE (*rising*). Well, think the matter over and let me know.

HARRY. Yes, I'll let you know. You shall hear from me by the morning. Good-bye. (GEORGE *goes out*. HARRY *stares into vacancy*.) Yes, there is something in what he said—more than a little, too. I suppose, if I regarded things from a sensible point of view, I should jump at his proposal. But I'm not a business man; I never was. I hate the very name of the City. . . . And to give up all my hopes of a career! (At that moment the door opens and Mrs. NORCROSS *enters*.) Queenie!

HIS WIFE. Poof! how warm it is in here. Why don't you have both the windows open? Aren't you pleased to see me?

HARRY. Am I not always pleased to see you, dearest? (*Kisses her*.)

HIS WIFE. Then your countenance is not expressive. You look quite too awfully glum. Is anything the matter? Are you busy? But, of course, I needn't inquire (*pettishly*), you never are busy. (*Perches on the edge of the writing-table and swings a pretty foot in a No. 3 shoe*.) Don't you wonder why I'm here?

HARRY. I was just going to ask.

HIS WIFE. Rosalie called this afternoon, to drive me up West, and I've a delightful piece of news, so I thought I would look in on you, and we could go back together. It's only four o'clock, but that doesn't matter. The briefs won't pour in while you're gone.

HARRY. No, as you say, the briefs won't pour in. (*Scribbles abstractedly on blotting-pad*.)

HIS WIFE. Harry, you're positively horrid! You see I'm dying with excitement, and you won't ask me what it's about.

HARRY. Well, Baby, what is it about?

HIS WIFE. Alfred and Rosalie are going to Norway for a month, and have asked us to go with them. There!

HARRY. It's very kind of them, but—

HIS WIFE. But what? You always find a "but."

HARRY. I always dislike accepting invitations which we can't possibly return, sweetheart, that's why. Your sister and brother-in-law are continually asking us somewhere.

HIS WIFE. And if we didn't go we might stagnate in the wilds of West Hampstead for ever! You know you can't afford to give me much amusement, and I'm sure I have the greatest difficulty in clothing myself on my dress allowance. If you're going to let your tiresome pride prevent me benefitting by the kindnesses of my own sister, I might as well be dead.

HARRY (*drearily*). I have been afraid that it was rather dull for you.

HIS WIFE (*with hysterical vehemence*). Dull! It has been loathsome! Harry, why can't you make money like other men? Alfred has just given Rosalie the sweetest diamond pendant you ever saw. They are going to have another horse—for night-work, you know—and their drawing-room is to be redecorated, while they are away, by Linklater and Lovell. There, don't look at me like that! I know I'm a little wretch, but—but (*begins to cry*), I hate West Hampstead and the Penury Road; and now that there's a chance of escaping from it for a little while, and you choose to make objections— (*Hides her face in her hands*.)

HARRY (*caressing her*). There, don't cry. I'll do whatever you like.

HIS WIFE (*with hysterical vehemence*). Dull! It has been loathsome! Harry, why can't you make money like other men? Alfred has just given Rosalie the sweetest diamond pendant you ever saw. They are going to have another horse—for night-work, you know—and their drawing-room is to be redecorated, while they are away, by Linklater and Lovell. There, don't look at me like that! I know I'm a little wretch, but—but (*begins to cry*), I hate West Hampstead and the Penury Road; and now that there's a chance of escaping from it for a little while, and you choose to make objections— (*Hides her face in her hands*.)

HARRY (*to himself*). "It is preposterous for a man without interest or an income to go to the Bar. A young barrister has no right to a wife."

HIS WIFE. Oh, how dull you are to-day! I'm sorry I came. (*Pouts*.) I do think it unkind of you to depress me just when I feel cheerful for once in a way. Har-ry (*he starts out of reverie*), aren't you coming home with me?

HARRY. In a moment, Baby. I have a line to write—to George.

HIS WIFE. What about?

HARRY. You'll know soon.

HIS WIFE (*after brief interval*). Couldn't you take me to have some tea in the Strand? I'm perfectly parched!

HARRY (*sealing envelope, and speaking with curious distinctness*). We won't have tea. We'll have a little dinner somewhere instead. I've a fancy to celebrate this afternoon. We'll have a little dinner, and a couple of stalls at the theatre afterwards, and you shan't be miserable any more.

HIS WIFE. You extravagant darling, you can't afford it! Have you taken leave of your senses?

HARRY (*sighs*). Perhaps! Perhaps, also, I have been insane for the last three years, and have only just discovered it—I don't know! I'll have this letter posted now, dear, and the boy can send us a hansom on his way!

ESTHER MILLER.

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Keswick ...	arr.	5 50	5 50

Euston, July 1895.

FRED. HARRISON, General Manager.

M I D L A N D R A I L W A Y.

AUGUST BANK HOLIDAY.

On Monday, Aug. 5, certain booked trains will be DISCONTINUED, of which due notice will be given by Special Bills at the Stations.

BANK HOLIDAY EXCURSIONS

FROM ST. PANCRAS AND CITY STATIONS.

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To EDINBURGH and GLASGOW (N.B.) for Eight Days, from St. Pancras at 9.15 p.m.; Kentish Town, 8.31 p.m. Also to GLASGOW (G. and S.W.) for Eight Days, leaving St. Pancras at 9.20, and Kentish Town at 9.24 p.m. THIRD CLASS RETURN TICKETS at a SINGLE FARE for the DOUBLE JOURNEY, available for return within SIXTEEN DAYS, will be issued by these trains.

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SATURDAYS, AUG. 3 and 17.

TO DOUGLAS (ISLE OF MAN).

From St. Pancras at 5.15 a.m., via Barrow, and 10.5 a.m., via Liverpool, returning any week-day within ten days.

MONDAY, AUG. 5.

To MANCHESTER for Two Days, at 12.5 Sunday midnight. To BIRMINGHAM, for One or Four Days, and KETTERING, for One Day, at 6.35 a.m. To LEICESTER, for One Day, at 5.40 a.m. To ST. ALBANS (day and half-day), 8.15 and 11 a.m. and 1 p.m. To HARPENDEN and LUTON (for one day) at 8.15 and 11 a.m. To BEDFORD (day-trip), leaving St. Pancras at 8.15 a.m.

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Derby, July 1895.

GEO. H. TURNER, General Manager.

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From London Bridge 6.45, 10.25, and 11.40 a.m., 1.50, 4, and 4.55 p.m., also at 7.25 p.m. for Portsmouth only.

SATURDAY, JULY 27, and MONDAY, JULY 29, SPECIAL FAST TRAINS FROM VICTORIA, for Pulborough, Midhurst, Singleton, Arundel, Littlehampton, Bognor, Drayton, Chichester, Havant, Southsea, and Portsmouth (for the Isle of Wight).

SPECIAL TRAINS FOR SERVANTS, HORSES, and CARRIAGES only. From Victoria, SATURDAY, JULY 27, 7.45 a.m. and 6.30 p.m.; and MONDAY, JULY 29, 6.40 a.m., 7.45 a.m., and 6.30 p.m.

Horses and carriages for the above Stations will not be conveyed by any other Trains from Victoria on these days.

ON ALL FOUR DAYS OF THE RACES

A SPECIAL TRAIN (First, Second, and Third Class) will leave Victoria 7.5 a.m., Kensington (Addison Road) 7.0 a.m., Clapham Junction 7.10 a.m., London Bridge 7.10 a.m., for Drayton and Chichester. Return fares, 22s. 6d., 16s., and 10s. 10d.

A SPECIAL FAST TRAIN (Third Class only) will leave Victoria 8.40 a.m., Kensington (Addison Road) 8.25 a.m., Clapham Junction 8.45 a.m., London Bridge 8.40 a.m., direct to Singleton, arriving about 11 a.m. Return Fare 10s. 3d.

A SPECIAL FAST TRAIN (First and Second Class) will leave Victoria 9 a.m., Kensington (Addison Road) 8.40 a.m., Clapham Junction 9.5 a.m., and London Bridge 9 a.m., for Drayton and Chichester. Return Fares 26s. and 20s.

AN EXTRA SPECIAL FAST TRAIN (First Class only) will leave Victoria 9.45 a.m., for Drayton and Chichester. Return Fare 30s.

TICKETS may be obtained previously at the London Bridge and Victoria Stations, at the City Office, 6, Arthur Street East, and at the West End Offices, 28, Regent Street, and 8, Grand Hotel Buildings, Trafalgar Square, which last two offices will remain open till 10 p.m. on July 26, 27, 28, 30, 31, and Aug. 1.

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Victoria ...	dep. 10 0	8 50	Paris (St. Lazare) ...	dep. 10 0	9 0
London Bridge ...	" 10 0	9 0	London Bridge ...	arr. 7 0	7 40
Paris (St. Lazare) ...	arr. 6 55	8 0	Victoria ...	" 7 0	7 50

Fares—Single: First, 34s. 7d.; Second, 25s. 7d.; Third, 18s. 7d.

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Returning from Paris by the above 9 p.m. Night Service only on any day within fourteen days of the date of issue. Fares, First Class, 39s. 3d.; Second Class, 30s. 3d.; Third Class, 26s.

First and Second Class Excursion Passengers may return by the Day Express Service from Paris 10 a.m. on payment of 4s. 9d. and 3s. respectively.

FOR full particulars see Time Books and Handbills, to be obtained at the Stations, and at the following Branch Offices, where Tickets may also be obtained:—West End Offices, 28, Regent Street, and 8, Grand Hotel Buildings; City Offices, 6, Arthur Street East; Hays' Agency, Cornhill; Cook's Office, Ludgate Circus; and Gaze's Office, 142, Strand.

(By Order) A. SARLE, Secretary and General Manager.

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WEEK-DAYS.	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.
London (King's Cross) ... dep.	5 15	7 15	8 45	9 45	10 0	10 15	10 25	10 35	11 45
Sheringham ... arr.	10 11	1 0	2 23
Cromer (Beach) ... arr.	10 20	1 10	2 35
Skegness ... arr.	9 29	11 21	1 15
Ilkley ... arr.	10 17	12 33	...	2 8	...	3 33	...	5 47	...
Harrogate ... arr.	10 23	1 0	...	2 22	...	3 33	...	4 30	...
Scarborough ... arr.	11 20	2 55	...	3 45	...	4 50	6 3
Whitby ... arr.	12 9	4 25	...	5 59	...
Filey ... arr.	11 38	3 11	3 35	4 48	6 21
Bridlington ... arr.	11 20	1 54	3 0	3 20	4 3	5 52
Salisbury ... arr.	12 21	4 5	5 30	8 7

WEEK-DAYS.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.
London (King's Cross) ... dep.	12 30	12 40	1 30	2 20	2 30	3 0	3 20	4 15	5 45
Sheringham ... arr.	...	4 52	7 0
Cromer (Beach) ... arr.	...	5 0	7 15
Skegness ... arr.	...	4 13	7 25	9 40	...
Ilkley ... arr.	6 3	8 57	...	8 48
Harrogate ... arr.	6 17	8 29	...	12 0
Scarborough ... arr.	6 55	7 10	7 50	...	9 40	...	11 45
Whitby ... arr.	8 49	...	10 19	...	6 20
Filey ... arr.	8 37	...	10 2	...	6 42
Bridlington ... arr.	6 44	...	9 14	...	7 18
Salisbury ... arr.	8 58	...	10 57	...	6 48

+ Through carriages to Sheringham and Cromer by these Trains.

A Until Sept. 21 inclusive.

B On Saturdays due Salisbury 6.22 p.m.

C On Sunday mornings arrives Harrogate 8.5, Filey 8.54, Bridlington 8.16, and Salisbury 8.6.

Illustrated tourist guides and farmhouse and country lodging lists can be had on application at Great Northern stations and receiving offices, or to the superintendent of the line, King's Cross station.

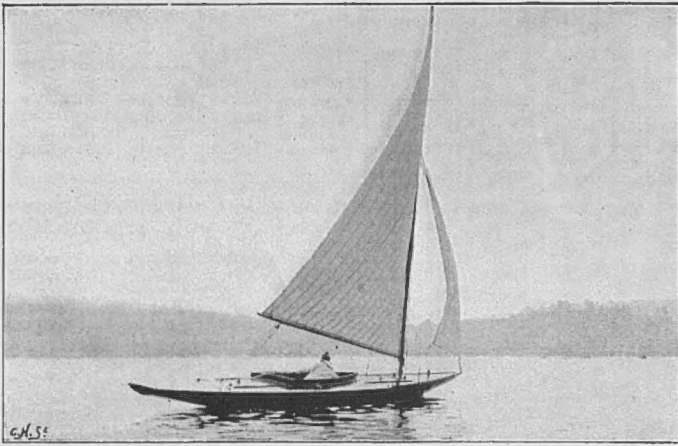
HENRY OAKLEY, General Manager.

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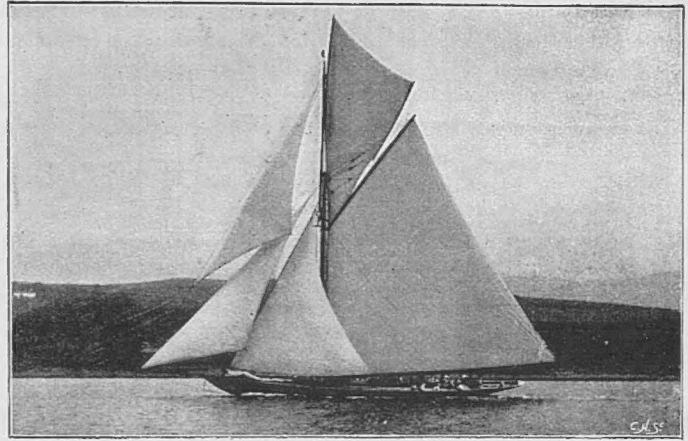
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THE YACHTING SEASON.

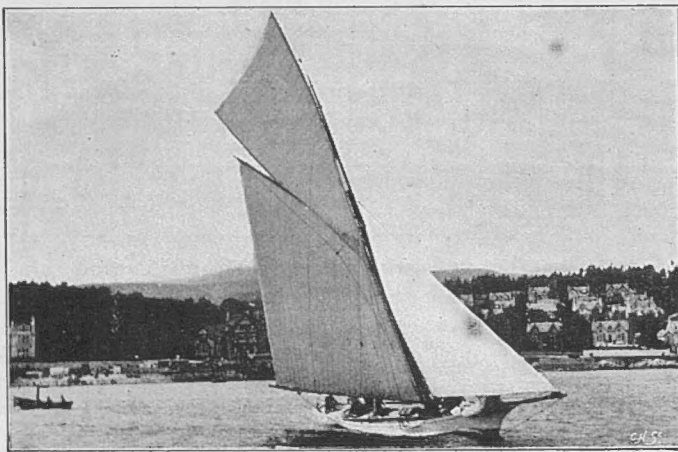
Photographs by Wilfrid Hunt, Bothwell, N.B.



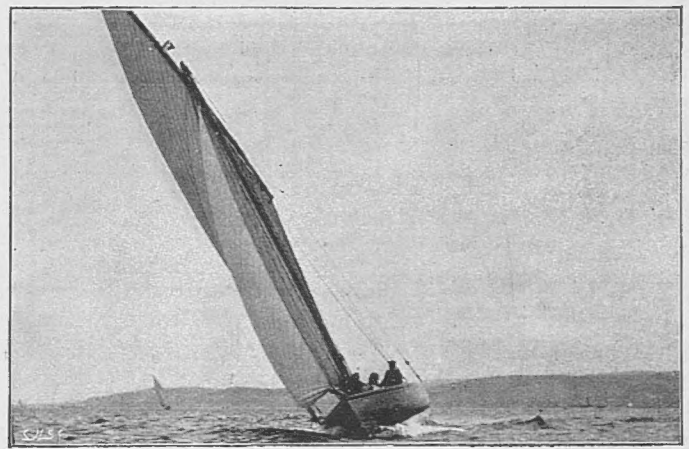
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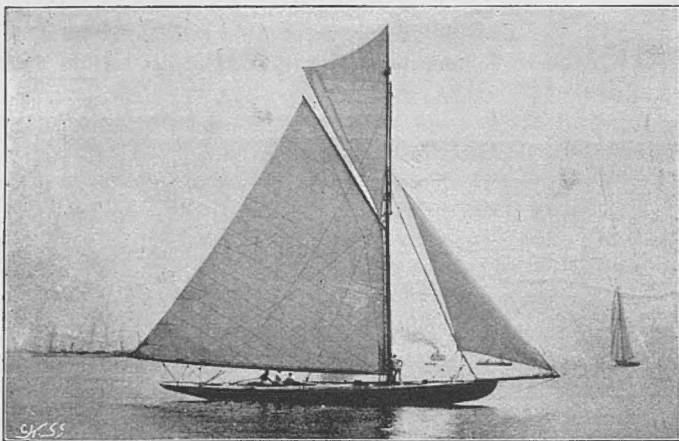
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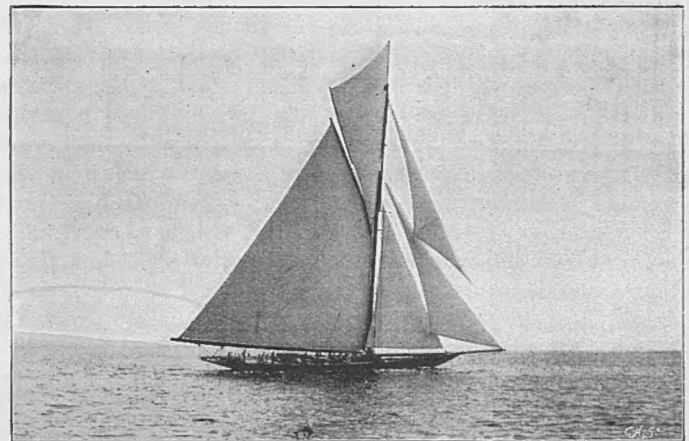
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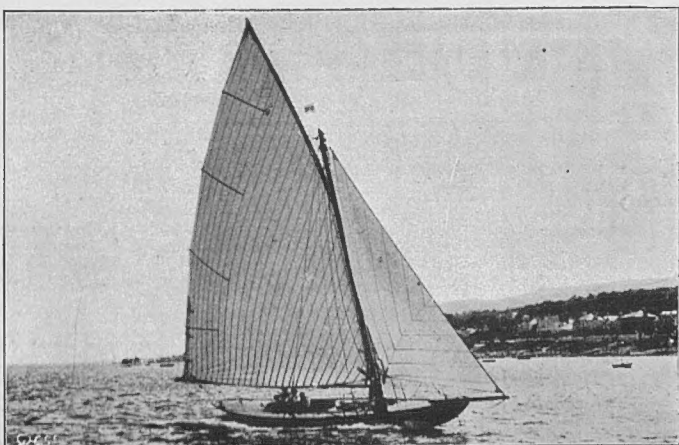
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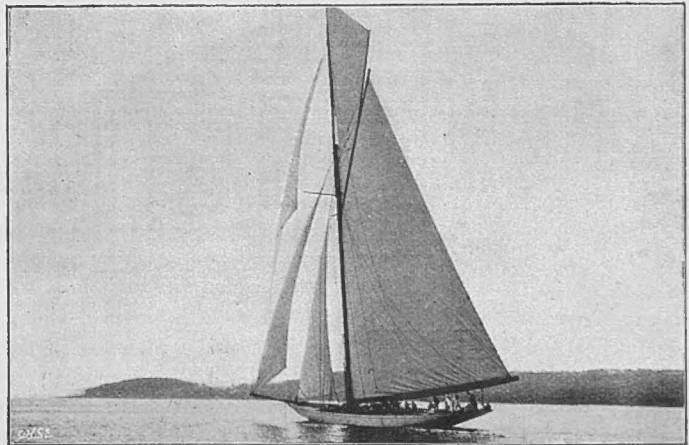
NIAGARA.



AILSA.



ALMIDA.



VALKYRIE III.

AT RANDOM.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

"We'll e'en to 't like French falconers, fly at anything we see."

I have been reading some quaint essays by a man who will not suspect me of any desire to belittle his very charming talent. He calls one of them "On Loving One's Enemies"; and, setting out with the divine injunction on that head, he shows that, when you love your enemies, it is because they have made you; that is to say, they are the artificers of your fame, and, without them, you would not occupy any pedestal whatever. This is not precisely the spirit of the exhortation that we should bless those who despitefully use us; and, while illustrating afresh the difficulty of achieving that ideal, it suggests another difficulty, which might form the theme of an essay entitled "On Remonstrating with One's Friends." I have a few hints for such a performance, which are at the service of anybody who has the courage to put them into shape, and send them to the Bodley Head. For instance, to that very agreeable writer who has been discoursing on "one's enemies" with so strenuously personal a note, I should say, "My dear friend, are you not making rather too much of them? Supposing them to be as desperately jealous, unscrupulous, venomous, as you affirm, is it quite politic to credit them with the supreme authorship of your popularity? The enemy, believe me, is not to be outflanked by this strategy. He is more likely to exclaim, 'Ha! the galled jade winces! Have at him again!' There is nothing in the world, I assure you, so tempting to the malevolence you describe as the spectacle of the galled jade. That deserving but unsophisticated animal offers sport to the tormentors without exciting the onlookers to the enthusiasm which provokes a Spanish crowd at a bull-fight to cry 'Bravo, toro!' It is true that St. Simeon Stylites, on his pillar, with his body full of arrows, justly welcomed them as ministers to his undying glory. But, then, I do not observe in the literary man the spirit of Stylites."

No doubt, it is almost as difficult to ignore enemies as to love them, though I am inclined to regard it as the higher philosophy. There is a piece of excellent advice somewhere in Victor Hugo, to the effect that when hostile noise deafens him, and missiles hurtle round his head, *l'honnête homme ne dit mot*. That is a counsel of perfection on which few literary men have ever acted. But if you have reason to suspect that Jones's criticism of your poems is not inspired by friendly interest, it is at least prudent to reflect whether anything can be gained by having it out with Jones. Is Smith, another slasher, to be publicly taken to task or severely let alone? These are questions to be considered coolly in the study over a soothing cigar and a drink which is not heady. But quite the worst plan of campaign, surely, is to declare on the house-top that it is your success alone which invites attack, and that, because you can write, "all the bad writers are at once your foes." This produces an unpleasing impression that your engaging individuality is growing feverish. It mars the exercise of your really gracious gifts by sending up the mercury in the thermometer of the temper, on which you ought to keep a watchful eye. Above all, your well-wishers are most uneasy when they read this ominous dictum: "So powerful, indeed, is success that it has been known to turn a friend into a foe." Here is the most ticklish point in the essay I have projected, "On Remonstrating with One's Friends," for, if success—thoroughly deserved success—is to be compassed about by these spear-heads of suspicion, who knows that the friend may not be rewarded for remonstrance by getting one of them in his eye?

The matter is made rather worse by another of these quaint papers, "The Dramatic Art of Life," from which it appears that the duty of the artistic being, "a creature of great gifts and exquisite sensibilities," is to find an answer to the question, "What is the divine meaning of ME?" and, having found that meaning, to make his outer self its "truthful symbol," for others to "know and love." This, I gather, is to be a physical manifestation which has to do with hair and clothes. My good friend is irritated by the convention which demands that he shall wear his hair according to the fashion of "this absurd and vulgar nineteenth century," when he would snatch an aureole from "mediaeval Florence," or "at latest Queen Anne England"—the convention which also denies to him a free scope for an esoteric taste in waistcoats. He sighs for the "red waistcoats" which flamed on the barricades in the youth of Gautier and Hugo, when young men had "romance in their hearts and passion in their blood, fearlessly sentimental and picturesquely everything." He applauds Tennyson, who "would have felt it an artistic crime to look like his publisher." This extravagance is entertaining, and I have read it with real gusto; but why should it need a

particular kind of waistcoat to symbolise the divine meaning of "ME"? The most notable man of waistcoats in this age was George IV., whose "waistcoats, more waistcoats, and then—nothing," live in an immortal but undesirable epitaph. If there is any "divine meaning" in any of us, why can't we express it without an array of buttons? It is quite true that Tennyson did not look like his publisher, but he bore a perilous resemblance to the industrious worthy who makes our courts and alleys melodious with the cry of "Old Clo'!" The bard's wardrobe was scarcely a symbol to be known and loved of all.

To my mind, the true philosopher is the small boy in Phil May's picture, who, learning that grapes are four-and-six a-pound, orders a ha'porth of carrots, cheerfully remarking, "I'm a demon for fruit!" So another hint for the Great Remonstrance is that my friend should wear the commonplace garb of our period, and observe to the Bodley Head, in passing, "I may be dressed like you, but I'm a demon for waistcoats!" Why cannot romance in the heart, and passion in the blood, come out without the assistance of the tailor? When Polonius says to Laertes—

Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,
But not exprest in fancy,

he does not prohibit "prose fancies"; and these offer as ample and varied a supply of *bizarre* costumes as the "divine meaning of ME" can desire. The danger of the "outer symbol" is that it cannot be made to appeal to the earthly sense of humour as if it were a spark from heaven. A Parliamentary candidate was singled out for rebuke the other day because he wore very high collars. It would not have helped him much to explain that high collars are the angel-woven raiment of the soul. Besides, though I recognise the importance of "ME," why drag in the divinity? It may be fresh and original to maintain that "manly" and "womanly" are foolish terms, because beauty has no sexual differentiation, and that national organisation is a fallacy, because the artistic being would as soon pay his taxes to French or Russians as to the collector who demands them with the suavity of the English vernacular. In these highly interesting views I do not perceive any divine apprehension of the uses of government, or of the significance of history, or even of the possibility that, under a Russian censorship, the fantasies of "ME" might not enjoy their wonted elasticity. There seems to be a lesson, rather, on the inexpediency of detaching "ME" from about forty million odd of presumably inartistic persons who have some claim to a share of any "divine meaning" that may be afloat.

Here the hints for that essay, "On Remonstrating with One's Friends," become more hazardous than ever, and I should advise the fearless pioneer to content himself with remarking further that, in a mood of irritation, there is a natural disposition to punch the head of the universe. If I knew a sportsman very ready with firearms, and in a great rage, I should hurry him off to Bisley, and tell him to take it out of the "running deer." To my friend Narcissus, who has a pen meant not for invective, not to be shaken in the face of the world, which is apt to smile broadly at such a demonstration, but to touch our sensibilities, and kindle our gaiety, to weave delightful arabesques of fancy round the tenderest associations of life—to Narcissus, who ought to be making garlands on the highway of literature, and not trying to heave the mile-stones at rude bicyclists and the tax-collector, I should say, "Take a little rest in the society of the nightingales, and get this perversity off your nerves. Be assured that our emotions, and our meanings, and our symbols, do not count for much in the hum of existence; but it is for you to put in a strain of harmony now and then that may soften some of the discords."

An excellent lady, who is projecting a Home for Cats, says that, by means of "thought-transference," we can raise our feline companions to "a higher level." There may be some scepticism about this theory. I know a cat which is adored in the household of which it is the presiding deity. It is old and large, and black and ugly. It has a new ribbon every day, and spends most of its time under chairs. When visible, it presents its back to the company. Occasionally, in an access of pessimism, it strives to strangle itself with its ribbon. It has a great dislike of song, and has been known to spring up and smack the singer's face. Its worshippers sit in a circle and deferentially offer it food, which it will sometimes eat; at other times, it tries to devour fingers. In a moment of sublime irony, somebody christened it Puck. How can you talk of raising an animal which has the concentrated scorn of a heathen idol to "a higher level"? How could I say to Puck, "Do you appreciate the divine meaning of 'ME'?" and get any answer save a scowl of gloomy contempt?

AN ALL-ROUND SPORTSMAN.

MR. TOM JAY.

Whyte Melville used to say that "a man feels twice a man on horseback," and, to judge from the remarks made during the pleasant hour's conversation that I had a day or two ago with Mr. Tom Jay, whose name is familiar to sportsmen, he is of the same opinion. He is a tall, well-set-up man, in the prime of life, devoted not only to horses and to all appertaining to them, but to sport of almost every kind.

"It has always been my great wish," he says, leaning back in his large, comfortable chair, "to improve the breed of horses in general, and of hunters and hackneys in particular. Nowadays, to my mind, at least, certain breeders seem almost to overlook several very important points. I could name one or two well-known men who appear to forget that pace is not by any means a hunter's only essential qualification. You may feel inclined to discredit that statement, but it is true, nevertheless. Of course, staying power is fully of equal importance, and, though the assertion may, perhaps, sound like a truism, there are plenty of breeders—in Ireland as well as in England—who apparently forget how necessary this qualification is, especially in rough, hilly countries, such as Monmouthshire, Devonshire, as well as different parts of Shropshire, and some parts of Yorkshire.

"Have I been fortunate in showing horses? Upon the whole, yes. This is a portrait of one of the best hunters that I ever owned," he continues, taking down a large photograph from the mantel-shelf, and handing it across the table. "Countess. She won first prize in the Hunter Class at Bath, last year, and is a good mare in every way. A nice-shaped mare? I should think she was, and as good as she looks. What a splendid shoulder she has, and what clean, flat legs! In that photograph she is not standing so well as she usually stands, either. Indeed, though that photograph is well taken you cannot really form a fair opinion of what she looks like in the flesh. I have always maintained that what you chiefly want in a hunter are bone, quality, and staying power. Why take to breeding entirely for pace, as though you were breeding polo ponies? And even in polo ponies I cannot help thinking that the thing is overdone. What is a modern polo pony but a miniature thoroughbred—a dwarf racehorse? And the standard height of polo ponies, the height as regulated by the Hurlingham rules, was again raised only lately. That other photograph? That

is Gem of Gems, a thoroughbred hack by Bacchus, dam Zita, by Chippendale, this year's winner of the first prize for hacks at the Islington Horse Show. For make and shape I think he would be hard to beat. I don't say that, mind you, because I happen to own him. You can see for yourself that what I say is true, even if you know nothing about horses. Good in front, and he has splendid quarters. I consider that to be as nearly perfect a hack as you could get anywhere. What a capital charger he would make! There is many

a man in the Service who would give a big figure for an equally well-shaped horse of that stamp. And this is a good hackney"—producing another photograph—"you may as well see all the portraits that I have by me—Lord Beverley, by Danegelt. He took a first prize, too, at Beverley in '94, as a weight-carrying hack. The photograph hardly does him justice; somehow, he seems to have missed the focus—or, perhaps, the focus missed him. It is so hard to photograph horses satisfactorily, though I must say that these have come out very well. He has great depth of girth, however, which is not fully apparent in the portrait."

Mr. Jay discoursed at considerable length, and in a practical manner, upon his favourite theme. Evidently he has made up his mind to improve our breed of horses, and, apparently, he has already improved it to an appreciable extent. He has himself often offered prizes to be competed for, and his own prize has more than once been awarded to one of his own horses. This item of information slipped out incidentally, and it speaks for itself.

"Yes, I am very fond of hunting," he presently remarks, in answer to a question. "I hunt generally in Sussex, and so do my daughters. It is a fairly good country for ladies, and though the fields are sometimes larger than one cares for from a sporting point of view—one never has such big fields as you meet with in the shires, for instance. That is one of the many advantages gained by not hunting in an out-and-out fashionable country. Another point that I may add is, that all the men who hunt in our country hunt for the sake of sport.

You can hardly say that of all the people who patronise certain well-known packs that I need not name. Do I think that hunting is on its last legs? Most certainly not," he answers, with a laugh, tapping his cigar-ash into the grate. "As a sport, it is far more popular now than it was even in the days of, let us say, poor Jack Mytton; whereas, on the other hand, many men—even middle-aged men—now take to hunting, in a mild way, of course, for the sake of their health. And truly there is no sort of exercise more likely in every way to benefit a man of ordinary physique than fox-hunting, because, apart from the mere



MR. TOM JAY.

Photo by the London Stereoscopic Company, Regent Street, W.



"COUNTESS,"



"GEM OF GEMS."

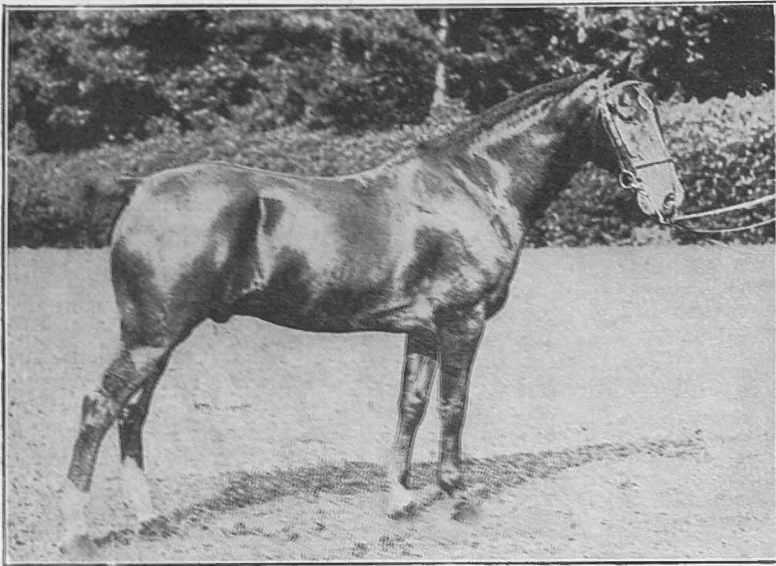
exercise, hunting distracts his attention and is the only occupation that can cause him, for the time being, completely to forget all his cares and troubles. You think that I am going to repeat the old quotation that comes in 'Jorrocks,' or somewhere, about its being 'better to roam the fields for health unbought,' &c.? No, I will not repeat it."

"Steeplechasing? I have not ridden between the flags for many years, though I used to be very fond of the game. It is not a game for married men, however, and, besides, I am too heavy for it now. But I did manage to pull off a point-to-point for heavy-weights the other day—or rather, at the close of last season. The course was, practically, flagged out, as the modern point-to-point course generally is. The race took place at Slinfold, in Sussex."

"Have you won many other prizes—at shows?"

"A fair number, I think, if one considers them altogether; but I cannot remember that any one prize was more valued than the others. At Dublin, one year, I succeeded in winning three first prizes, and at Dublin, too, I pulled off the Championship harness two years in succession."

Though Mr. Jay spoke volubly, his conversation throughout was entirely devoid of that unpleasant tone—so common among the peculiar class of people who call themselves "sporting men" and wish to be thought



"LORD BEVERLEY."

sportsmen—which you instinctively feel is meant to impress you in their favour, and to make you believe that they are far greater men than they care to tell you. Mr. Tom Jay is a sportsman, in the true meaning of the word, and not a "sporting man" in any meaning of the phrase. When he had dealt at length with his favourite topic, he passed on to other kinds of sport, notably to shooting, but in the end the subject of conversation once more drifted back to horses. In common with all practical sportsmen, he has opinions of his own with regard to the treatment and training of hunters, and also with regard to biting. Probably there are not, as he fully admitted, a dozen hunting-men in England whose views upon these points completely coincide with one another, any more than there are, say, a hundred shooting-men who hold one and the same opinion on the vexed question of loading guns. "This man prefers forty-two grains of the newest nitro compound, and the customary ounce-and-an-eighth of shot; the other is old-fashioned, and still backs 'the old black powder, Sir, and a bare ounce of soft shot,' against all comers. So it has always been, and so it always will be."

Mr. Jay is showing at Tunbridge Wells, where, no doubt, his now almost proverbial success will once more attend him.

B. T.

THE BACHELOR'S DILEMMA.

How can I live with Phillis
When I'm sure to think of Maud?
To give a portion of my heart
For hers would be a fraud.
No, I cannot live with Phillis
Who am part in love with Maud.

How can I ever marry Maud?
For there is laughing Prue,
And Maud would raise the deuce and all
To know I loved her too.
How can I ever marry Maud
Who am in love with Prue?

And yet I would not marry Prue;
For there are Maud and Phillis,
And so I cannot wed at all
No matter what my will is.
And yet I'm very much in love
With Prue and Maud and Phillis.

RALPH BERGENGREN, in *Life*.

NOTES FROM THE THEATRES.

There would have been a serious gap in the entertainments of London if arrangements had not been made to reopen the German Reeds'. No doubt the losses sustained cannot be made good; if it were possible to replace poor Corney Grain and Alfred German Reed by artists of equal value, the successors could never take the now vacant place in the hearts of present playgoers. However, it must be admitted that the new entertainment is very pleasant, and well within the traditions. I am a little disappointed that the rumours as to the production of "Crazed" were not realised, for I can remember laughing at W. J. Hill as Beethoven Brown till my sides ached. However, "The Professor," by Mr. Rutland Barrington, with music by the late "Teddy" Solomon, is a lively trifle in which the author made a hit with his song about hypnotism. Every one could guess that "The Usual Remedy," by Mr. H. Chance-Newton, would be simple and amusing. I do not remember whether I ever saw "Happy Arcadia" before; I should not mind seeing it again, since it is a happy combination of early Gilbert humour and Fred Clay music. Miss Fanny Holland fortunately still remains in the company. The newcomers had a warm welcome, well deserved.

"Journeys End in Lovers Meeting" seems a little out of place on the huge stage of the Lyceum; the little proverb demands a subtlety of acting, a reticence and delicacy that, under the circumstances, prove of little effect. Consequently, Miss Ellen Terry and Messieurs Frank Cooper and Ben Webster played in a broad style, necessary but disastrous. "John Oliver Hobbes," working with situations by Mr. George Moore, suggested by the French of Caracul, certainly intended to give a dainty drawing-room comedietta—something in the Theyre Smith style, and, though there is some lack of finesse in the dialogue, the work has been cleverly written. Unfortunately for enjoyment, one had rather to rely on the recollection of its performance at the benefit *matinée* than on the occasion when, in answer to a hearty call for author, "John Oliver" stood up in the Lyceum stage-box, and, almost unnoticed in the semi-darkness, bowed her thanks for a very favourable reception. Yet I must add that Miss Terry's acting was exactly what the house demanded.

I am very glad that I went to see the revival of "The Corsican Brothers." Of course, I have seen the piece before, not, perhaps, at its original production, which, I believe, was by Charles Kean, at the Princess's, but certainly when it was first given at the Lyceum, and had a prodigious success. I can remember, too, a performance at the Science and Art Club, when J. J. Shannon, now the fashionable portrait-painter, then a young art-student, played a part. Moreover, at odd moments for years past, Mr. Hamilton Clarke's ingenious ghost music has insisted upon haunting me.

So I went, with the hope and expectation of being thrilled: it is to be feared that people are losing the faculty of being thrilled by the ghostly. Psychical Research societies, science, and the newspapers, have dulled our belief in the supernatural. Certainly the thrill came but faintly. Yet I must admit that I was very well entertained. The dialogue is irresistible. One can hardly believe that the fine phrases which decorate—one might almost say constitute—the speeches of the characters were really written in earnest, and came from the pen of Dion Boucicault, the dramatist whose work shows startling variations in merit, who has written scenes brilliant in wit, delightful in pathos, and also scenes that deserve their fate. It is wonderful that the players can utter them with such appearance of sincerity.

What has always seemed to be the most remarkable thing about the Lyceum revivals is that, even if a work is to be played only for one night, scenery and costumes lend fully their aid, or, in cases such as "The Corsican Brothers," do far more than their share. It would be difficult to imagine a more remarkable picture of a Paris masked ball than was given. Of course, the needs of the piece require that the dancers should be entirely interrupted, so that the principals may carry on the piece in little sandwich bits; yet, as soon as they have gone, the revels begin, and are carried out remarkably. The one standard of comparison is that offered by the Empire ballet, curiously named "La Frolique," which, of course, was put on for a long run. Even if one cannot suggest that the Lyceum, in such a scene, mounted merely for a few days, quite rivals the Leicester Square theatre so far as splendour is concerned, in the matter of gaiety and life it holds its own, and no one could complain of any want of luxury in the *mise-en-scène*.

I find myself travelling away from the subject, and yet I am loath directly to speak of a play that has given me so much pleasure, which now seems to have lost much of its creepiness; of course, it is as "creepy" as ever, and we—or I—are the losers in faculty. Even the famous fight seemed a little flat. I suspect that Mr. Cooper's fencing—I speak as a candid ignoramus—detracted a little; he gave one the idea that Fabien was playing with him, and had a very easy game. Still, I must express my admiration for the acting of Sir Henry, whose fateful manner is remarkably impressive. Of course, one prefers to have such an actor in a worthier part, yet it is wonderful to see how powerfully he uses his personality in development of the character.

There are prejudices that one cherishes, and I have one in favour of the British pronunciation of the English language; and while Miss Julia Arthur seems to me a clever actress, as well as handsome woman, I cannot help feeling that Daly's Theatre is her home, and some of the many able members of our stage, whose speech has less local colour, should have been engaged for what one looks upon as our national company.

MONOCLE.

GENTLEMEN v. PLAYERS AT THE OVAL.

Photographs by Symmons and Thiele, Chancery Lane.



GENTLEMEN.



PLAYERS.

SMALL TALK.

The Queen entertained an exceptionally large number of guests during the recent residence of the Court at Windsor, including foreign royalties, members of her own family, Ministers, Ambassadors, and a selection of the "higher nobility." With one or two exceptions, all the invitations were merely to dine and sleep, the guests arriving just in time to dress for dinner, and leaving the following morning, after breakfast. The invitations to Windsor are generally sent out by Lord Edward Pelham-Clinton, but occasionally they come from the office of the Lord Chamberlain, to whom the necessary instructions have been telegraphed from the Castle. Very short notice is given, in some instances the guest only receiving the invitation the morning of the day upon which he is "commanded" to Windsor. The royal guests travel, as a rule, by the 6.30 train from Paddington, and, on arriving at the visitors' entrance of the Castle, they are received by the Pages of the Chamber, who have a list of the people expected and their respective apartments. The Queen greatly dislikes "pomp and ceremony," and this constant entertainment of visitors must have been a considerable trial to her, so that she will be delighted to get away to Osborne and take a much-needed rest. Everything is done in the best style at Windsor, and the collection of notable foreign visitors must have been much struck by their reception. The dinners and wines are always worthy of the occasion; indeed, the cellar at Windsor is unsurpassed, not even the wonderful *cave* of the Emperor of All the Russias being superior to it; while some of the clarets and heavier Rhine wines stored there have not their equal in the world. There is also a bin of Tokay (a wine which was an especial favourite with the late Prince Consort) which would fetch any price if it came into the market.

If there is a party of more than sixteen, dinner is served in the dining-room, at the north-east corner of the Castle; and when the number is above forty, St. George's Hall is used. A Highland servant and a couple of Indian domestics stand near the Queen's chair, and the footmen wait in their State liveries, while the cellarman and clerks of the kitchen, who carve at the side-table, are present in their uniforms. The Household-in-Waiting, and any visitors who have not been invited to join the Queen's party, dine also at a quarter to nine, under the presidency of Lord Edward Pelham-Clinton, in a large room which adjoins the dining-room, and looks out on the North Terrace.

After the Queen has retired, the guests and the rest of the company adjourn to one of the drawing-rooms, of which there are three at Windsor—the Red, the Green, and the White—connected by folding doors. In the Green Drawing-room is the famous Sèvres dessert-service, which is valued at £50,000.

The Queen will shortly hold a large Investiture at Osborne of the Bath, St. Michael and St. George, and the Indian Orders, which will include the Birthday honours. The Investiture has been repeatedly postponed, but it was fully expected that her Majesty would hold it before she left Windsor, instead of obliging the officials and the recipients of the various honours to travel down to Osborne and back. There will also be a Council at Osborne before the Queen leaves for Balmoral at the end of August.

It is very frequently asserted, in ill-informed quarters, that the Queen travels free over all the railways in Great Britain, while the expenses of members of the Royal Family are paid by the Treasury. This, of course, is absolute nonsense. The Queen pays her own expenses, averaging about £8000 a year for the home journeys alone; and the Royal Family pay their fares whenever they travel, just like ordinary passengers.

The house-party at Sandringham, for the sale of the Prince's hackneys, the other day should, in its composition, commend itself to the most severe democrat. A glance at the *Court Circular* will reveal the fact that his Royal Highness has no objection to the society of those who have raised themselves in the social scale by honourable exertions. Indeed, a friend of mine remarked that it reminded him somewhat of that other party of which a good story used, many years ago, to be told in connection with the great Mr. Poole of Savile Row. Mr. Poole was a most accommodating gentleman, and was often invited to the houses of "the great." When staying with a certain nobleman, he was asked one morning by his host what he thought of the party who had assembled at table the night before. "Why, very pleasant indeed, your Grace; but perhaps a little mixed." "Hang it all, Poole!" responded the jovial peer, "I couldn't have *all* tailors!"

In recalling the somewhat uneventful career of the late Marquis of Exeter—descendant of that Lord of Burghley whom Tennyson has immortalised—it should not be forgotten that the deceased peer was an enthusiastic yachtsman and sea-fisher. Never, I believe, was the marquis more content than when he had found quarters that suited him in some quiet seaside town. I well remember him, some years ago, at Worthing, in which pleasant little place he had a house "on the front" for at least two seasons. He was quite a familiar figure in the town, and passed much of his time in sailing and fishing. For the latter purpose he used a steam-yacht—useful enough, no doubt, but remarkably ugly from her large amount of "top hamper." Residents and visitors at Worthing will doubtless recall this craft, for she used to lie off the Parade a good deal, though, as there is no anchorage at Worthing, her head-

quarters were of necessity either at the Island or at Newhaven or Shoreham, which latter harbour, by the way, I would recommend to the avoidance of all yachtsmen, for it is awkward to enter, and the harbour dues are (or were two years ago) excessive.

Few of our newly elected legislators whose presence at Westminster has been lacking for some years will be more warmly welcomed by the House than the member for Gloucester, Mr. C. J. Monk, who formerly represented that constituency, where, I believe, his father was once Bishop. Mr. Monk has not only a fine presence, and a perfectly courtly manner, but he is, as it were, a meteorological index to our Senators. The flower and bee of the poet are not more regular in their attendance on the arrival of summer than the light apparel which is donned by Mr. Monk with the first breath of that balmy season. Indeed, I have heard it asserted in old times by Parliamentary reporters of long experience that St. Stephen's never came to the conclusion that it really was summer till Mr. Monk's stately figure had appeared clad in that light-coloured frock-coat they had learned to love.

The Bank of Scotland, that is to-day celebrating in Edinburgh its bi-centenary, is but one year the junior of the venerable Old Lady of Threadneedle Street, whose two hundredth birthday was recorded, pictorially and otherwise, in *The Sketch* this time last year. Though this flourishing and time-honoured institution has a London office, and does a considerable business in the Metropolis, the event, except to our numerous fellow-citizens from the Land of Cakes, is by no means of such general interest as was the birthday of the Bank of England; neither, indeed, is the history of the great Scotch company so full of incident. The premises in which the Bank conducts its business, which were modernised and extended by the late David Bryce, are both picturesque and imposing, and I doubt if Europe could show a business-house more admirably situated. "It's a gran' building, mon, and cost a deal of siller, though nae sae muckle as it has in its wame," was, I remember, the description of the Scotch guide who first pointed out its beauties to me, years ago. By the way, it is interesting to remember that, if England owes her National Bank to a canny Scotch adventurer—Paterson, to wit—the Scotch institution had John Holland for its founder, an Englishman and London merchant, who, like John Gilpin, was of both "credit and renown."

I know that *The Sketch* is so popular with ladies that I will not apologise for repeating in this column a description of a costume worn by a fair and fashionable American at a review which has recently taken place in Paris. The word-picture which I quote came to me in a chatty letter from the American Paradise—

My costume at the review, where we had seats in the Tribune Officielle, was, I think, very fetching. Imagine a pompadour silk skirt, full, of course, six widths round the bottom, creamy-white, with pink roses, the bodice of embroidered crêpe de Chine, cream, with large full sleeves, and the elbow of accordion-pleated mousseline de soie, with rose ribbon collar and belt; a *very* big straw hat, with plumes shading from cream to rose; and, to crown all, a rose-coloured parasol. Is not this a dream of sweet simplicity?

This "sweet simplicity" was, I believe, confected at a well-known establishment in the Avenue de l'Opéra, and I expect the items of the account were by no means a sum in simple addition.

Talking of ladies' dress, what is an "osprey"? I always thought it was a large sea-bird—a kind of sea-eagle. At the Eton and Harrow, I saw, among other well-dressed and beautiful ladies, the ever-young Countess of Dudley (I mean the mother of the present lord), and the next day I saw it reported that in her hat she wore a "high black osprey." To the mere male mind it sounds nasty—has, indeed, a gamey flavour—and I confess I saw nothing of the kind surmounting her Ladyship's stately beauty.

The constantly increasing army of stamp-collectors will probably be interested to hear that there are now in course of preparation certain new Indian adhesives which will form a handsome addition to the postal labels of that country. From an Anglo-Indian friend in the Postal Service, now in London, I learned the other day that three new stamps will shortly be issued. The highest-value postage stamp used in our great Eastern Empire is now only one rupee. Presently, we shall have stamps for two, three, and five rupees respectively. Not only will the values be larger, but the stamps themselves will follow suit, and they will be about the size of the Russian one- and two-ruble postage stamps. Collectors have long wondered how it is that India has gone so long without stamps of higher value, for nearly all our important Colonies have a stamp issue ranging up to £1, while several have a £5 stamp, though that, of course, like the one in the Mother Country, is but rarely used, and is, consequently, a great rarity.

Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, the American writer, has been giving some of her reminiscences, and, among other things, tells a good story relating to her first visit to Nathaniel Hawthorne at the famous Old Manse. It was in the days of Hawthorne's stupendous nervousness, and Mrs. Howe was received in the parlour by the great romance-writer's wife, who called out, "Husband, the Howes have come." Without making any answer, Nathaniel Hawthorne glided downstairs quietly, got safely across the hall, and went out by the front door, his extreme bashfulness preventing him from casting even a furtive glance at his not undistinguished visitors.

Bisley has few competitions more interesting than the Imperial Prize, which, nevertheless, attracts but small public attention. The competition is open to representatives of the Navy, Army, Marines, and Militia, and is shot for in two stages—seven shots each at 200, 500, and 600 yards, and fifteen shots at 800 yards. The Navy has triumphed this year, for the first prize (£100 and Cup) has been carried off by Warrant-Officer Tomson, of H.M.S. Cambridge. The Cambridge has done remarkably well, for, out of the eleven prize-takers, the third and eighth are men of the same ship.

In one respect the custom of "after season sales" is considered inviolable—there is to be no bargaining. The things—honestly, or by fraudulent tickets—are reduced to what is believed to be a "take or leave it" price. However, the Orientals hardly accept this view, and nothing funnier than the manœuvres of the staff of the Shahzada at the shops of the Monarch of Westbourne Grove can be imagined. Day after day they can be found in what is sometimes called the Rialto of Bayswater, and I have wasted much time in watching them. The children

they come back to the opposite counter, and, "by accident," inquire whether their offer is accepted, and as a result have to "go one more." In the end the "Minxes," as one of the "young ladies," confounding orthography and sexes, observed, work themselves up to the price originally marked, and walk away with the prizes under their arms, having paid cash down, for reasons I do not venture to guess.

"Made in Germany" is so general an inscription nowadays, especially on the games and toys that are provided for our youngsters at so cheap a rate, that, for the benefit of these said youngsters, I must mention certain toys that were brought to my notice the other day, because the box which contained them bore the proud inscription, "Made in London by W. Britain," which announcement is gratifying to the *amour propre* of a Londoner. "The Hardy Tin Soldier," inimitable story of the great Hans Andersen, was always a favourite of mine, and those regiments of hardy tin soldiers that we set forth in battle-array when our troops were doing great work in India, were, with many of us, as popular as the story referred to. It will be remembered, however, that, for the sake of



WARRANT-OFFICER TOMSON (H.M.S. CAMBRIDGE), WINNER OF THE IMPERIAL PRIZE AT BISLEY.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY CHARLES KNIGHT, NEWPORT, ISLE OF WIGHT.

of the far land have a heavy taste in colour, and go in for the remnants and ribbons, appalling in tone, that are set out on the counters in the hope that they may be bought by the colour-blind or those also suffering from the bargain mania which Lombroso and Nordau and *tutti quanti* have stupidly forgotten to put in their weird categories. The mink-crowned members of the retinue fully believe in the Eastern maxim that time costs nothing; there may be a mob of British matrons, hungry for "oddments," eager for "fag-ends," but a half-dozen of the dusky visitors monopolise a counter and haggle. They make absurd offers, and take snuff with the recklessness of a "Jupiter Scapin." Indeed, I saw a worthy woman in a vermilion blouse, somewhat tight for her Daniel Lambert figure, and arsenic-green skirt, who sneezed till she became almost apoplectic because she injudiciously handled a piece of Chromium yellow silk with purple spots that had, for a moment, engaged the attention of one of the guests.

Of course, the offers are declined; the "bargains" are bargains, and have reached the irreducible minimum, but the Afghans imagine that the things are priced on the system of Venice, Cairo, Nagasaki, or Damascus, and that somewhere between nothing and half the price demanded is the true value. No sooner is a proposal refused than the six, smiling as blandly as the hero of "The Heathen Chinee," walk off; two minutes later

a good effect, our reviews and battles had to be seen from the side, as the metal warriors, though admirably painted, were all flat, and were, therefore, only "effectives" in profile. The soldiers I had shown me by a very young friend a few days since were most excellent models; both men and horses were perfect little statuettes, and, when set forth in battle-array, were satisfactory from every point of view. The price, too, so my young friend informed me, was quite reasonable. "Made in Germany," I breathed, as I admired, and it was then I was shown the inscription referred to above. I believe that this British modeller has made samples of the Army generally. The regiment which so pleased me was the 3rd Hussars—the King's Own—who looked perfectly ravishing on their prancing steeds.

It may be remembered that some brilliant special correspondence from Morocco was done by a young American journalist, Mr. Stephen Bonsal, who afterwards published a book on that "distressful country." Latterly he has been combining diplomatic with literary work during his sojourn at Madrid as Chargé d'Affaires at the American Legation, and now it seems he has gone off to Tokio to take up a similar appointment with the United States representatives there. Perhaps, by-and-by, we shall have a book from him on the Far East, viewed possibly not altogether from Mr. Henry Norman's standpoint.

The political campaign has been dull, in all conscience. Much more amusing has been the street and park orator, who has made capital out



THE CONSTITUTIONAL PROGRAMME: BEER AND A BOLD FRONT.

of the situation. Considerable excitement seems to have been felt over the election pictured in the print below, but then the world was less *blasé*.

After all is said and done, this is a sad, one-horse, second-rate sort of world. Truly the latter-day philosopher spoke when he said, "In the midst of life we are in debt," and existence at the present moment seems to accumulate fresh horrors every hour. Down to the present, I have met all misfortunes with fortitude. I have listened to funny stories that were old in my school-days; I have attended some execrable "at homes," and been compelled, in order to please my hostess, to praise indifferent music; I have danced with sylphs whose weight has ruined the muscles of my right arm; I have taken into dinner, and talked Ibsen and Nordau to, New Women, shapeless, soulful, and intense; I have backed myself heavily at tennis against a man who looked like an amateur, but was not; I have backed all the mounts of a famous jockey on the day when he steered one winner and five losers, the price of the winner being 5 to 1 on, and been a layer of another's mounts on the day he brought off a 12 to 1 chance. Two Sundays ago on the river some miserable bargees, who thought they could row because they were wearing the colours of a well-known club, collided with me, and smashed one of my skulls. Only last week, when I was going ten miles into the country by the midnight train, my watch was a couple of minutes wrong, and I had to take a cab—a mildewed, four-wheeled thing, that almost jolted me to death. I might have chartered a special train with more comfort and at less cost. But, despite all these profound mishaps, I have hitherto consented to live.

The last straw whose pleasant business it is to break the camel's back has, in my case, taken an unexpected turn. One of the most charming of the ladies of the ballet, whose many beauties were partly responsible for my frequent presence in the front row of the Empire's luxurious stalls, has married, and left the stage. There are times when mere prose will not do justice to one's feelings. I must crave room for a last reference, in sonnet form, to the whilom "Lily of the Ballet." The cause of the sonnet's existence may be traced. The news affected me with surprise, that was succeeded by sorrow; then I suggested to my informant, a journalist, that I should either commit suicide or go to supper. He barred the suicide, on the ground that he is not attached to any evening paper, and it would be no "copy" for him. So we went to a well-served supper, which filled me with first-rate satisfaction, and, finally, with sentiment. The sentiment came on while I smoked a good cigar, and I wrote the sonnet on the back of the bill. I may mention that my friend left me to pay that bill, on the ground that occupation would distract my troubled mind; but I could not get him to listen to the following sonnet, which makes me doubt whether his motives were entirely disinterested—

The glamour of the Ballet palls and dies,
One who made dancing dearer for her grace,
And fairyland the fairer for her face,
Has passed into the mist of memories
Where long-forgotten loves take form and rise.
No laughter echoes as in days gone by,
No dainty dress, no passion of pageantry,
Can rouse my heart to old-time ecstasies.
Hours falter, that once danced to match her flight,
Eyes that—but for her eyes—had seemed full bright,
Shine fitfully mid music slow and sad,
Because some gleaner in a garden fair,
Has found the Lily of the Ballet there,
And plucked a flower whose grace made all men glad.

When there were few papers, the path of the dramatic critic was rose-strewn, and, in his enchanted garden, whisky-and-soda gushed forth from hidden fountains, and good cigars grew on gooseberry-bushes. To-day, papers are many, and critics multiply apace, so that, even in London, the *scarabæus criticus* is at a discount. This is wrong—I have

been a critic myself—but worse remains behind. In days of old, the provincial newspaper critic was a demi-god, to whom the ambrosia and nectar of the touring company's manager were freely offered. True, he was not as his Metropolitan-cousin, but it was given to him to spoil the six or twelve nights' show, and he knew it. Unfortunately for him, the factory-hands, who used to depend upon his verdict, and follow it with their hard-earned "bobs," weighed their critic in the balance, and found him wanting. So had the manager, and had satisfied his wants; but that is another matter. At the present time, every department of the great Northern factories subscribes enough to send one of its own men to see a new piece, and on the verdict of this home-grown critic the success of the show depends. Therefore do astute managers seek the horny-handed, and, when possible, beguile them with beer. But who shall say that some embryonic Clement Scott or William Archer is not fighting his way to journalistic fame in a Northern workshop?

Writing about provincial critics reminds me of a story told to me by a very eminent journalist about a pre-eminent actor. The actor was on tour, and at a certain town the leading local critic indulged in a column of vulgar and bitter abuse. Thereupon the actor invited that critic to breakfast, and it came. The actor thanked the critic for his notice, said he was always glad to hear of his own shortcomings, because thereby he would be able to improve. Would the critic give him a few suggestions? Of course, the man whose business it is to destroy and not to build up could say nothing, but offered a few cheap commonplaces, which the actor received with apparent gratitude. Nothing more was said, and the critical one went his way, outside the best breakfast he had ever stumbled upon. Many times after that the actor went to this town, and, although he never saw the critic again, long, eulogistic columns took the place of abuse; and, to the last day of his life, the provincial penny-a-liner boasted of his friendship with the eminent actor who knew his business so well. Truly, a soft answer turneth away wrath, and a good breakfast procureth an eulogy.

In the present heavily charged condition of the political atmosphere, I, being destitute of political opinions, am having a bad time. Men come up to me bringing tons of the commonplaces that have kept leader-writers in employment for the past five years. The other night, at a dinner-party, a leading electioneering agent buttonholed me. He told me that he was the agent for Mr. A., who was going to win the seat in the Blank Division from Mr. B. I couldn't stop him. He spoke about the moral duty of every Englishman, the interest a citizen should take in elections, the political problems connected with all sorts of reforms, and so on *ad nauseam*. I was beginning to think that even a bore could be an honest patriot, and then he gave all his show away. "I've had a very busy day," he said. "Mr. B has his big meeting to-morrow night." "But how does that concern you?" I said;

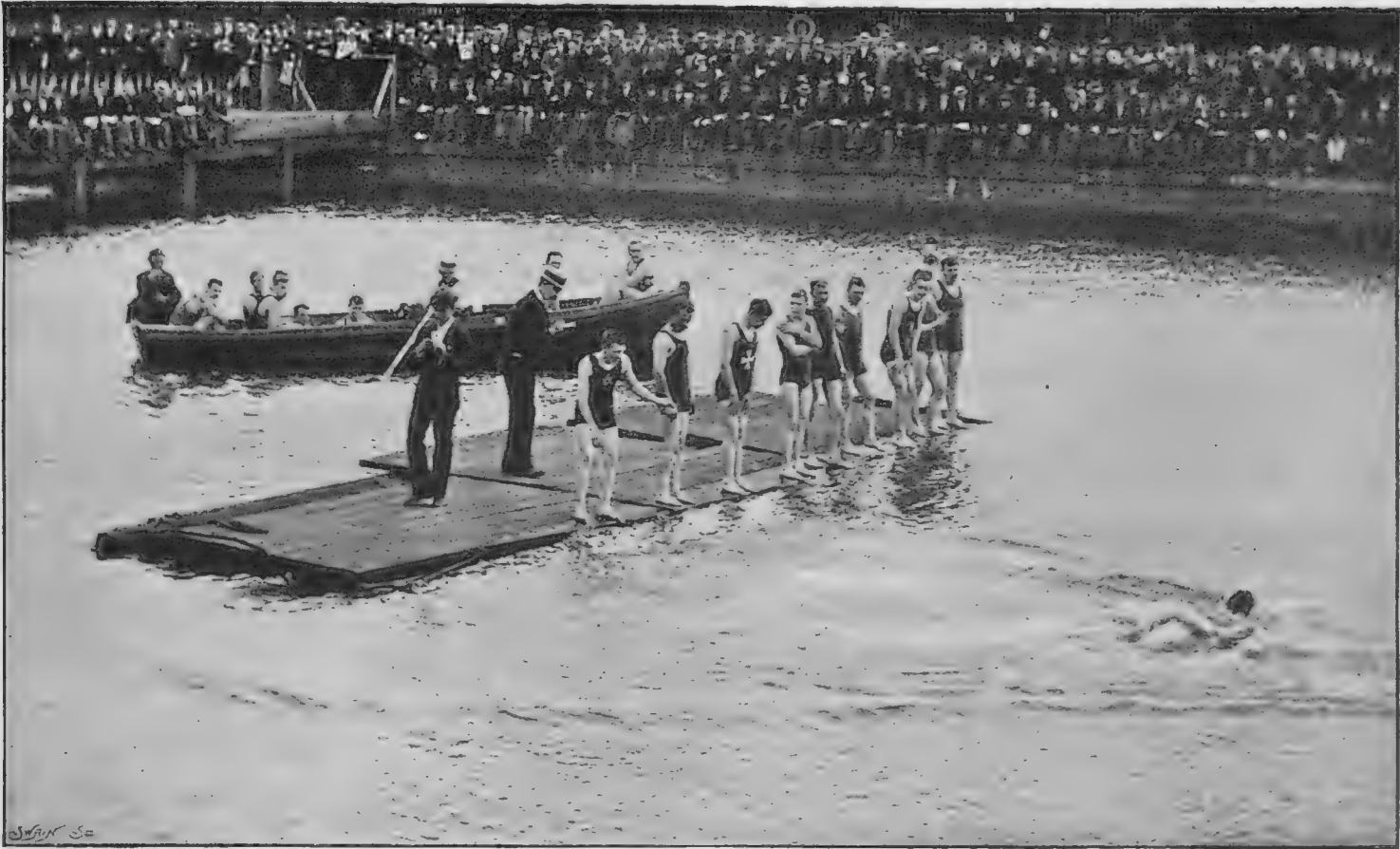


HOW THEY HEARD OF THE ELECTIONS OF OLD.

"you are for the opposite side." "I know that, my dear fellow," he said; "and that's why I've been so busy. I've been down to the docks and collected about forty strong ruffians to go down to the hall to-morrow night and make a disturbance. We mustn't let the other side have all its own way, or where should we be?" I could have told him where he will ultimately be, but did not care to damp such patriotic enthusiasm.

A SWIMMING FÊTE AT THE DOCKS.

Photographs by Symmons and Thiele, Chancery Lane.



It is an extraordinary thing that, in a country like ours, surrounded on every side by water, swimming has not been rendered compulsory in every school long ago. Scarcely a day in the bathing season passes without someone falling a victim to his helplessness in the water. Thus the Life-Saving Association comes to play a useful part in aquatics. Its splendid gala at West India Docks a few days ago attracted an enormous number of people, while a hundred swimmers were engaged in showing how easily a person may be carried in the water, provided one knows what to do at the right moment. It was a pretty sight to note the movements of the swimmers, diving, rescuing, resuscitating, almost like a regiment of soldiers. Sixty competitors entered for the Open 100 Yards Handicap, which was divided into four heats, and resulted in a win for G. Haskins, with 11 sec. start. W. D. Dawkins (Stroud Green), with 7 sec. start, was second. The 200 Yards Handicap, with thirty-three competitors, was carried off by W. E. Wood; while the 100 Yards Rescue Race—for which eleven clubs, represented by forty-six competitors, entered—was won by the Pacific Club pair, H. Haddon and W. Barlass. The National Graceful Diving Competition for a valuable challenge shield, a gold medal being given as first prize, a silver for the second, and a bronze for the third, presented by the owners of "Bovril," was won by H. S. Martin, St. James's Swimming Club.

Why does the *Daily Chronicle* publish long letters by that extraordinary person Mr. Joseph Pennell? The amount of absurdity and prejudice which that gentleman crammed into a letter the other day makes me suspect that he is the writer of the article on the magazines in the same journal. That article is devoted to the laudation of the American magazines, and to the depreciation of all that is English. This is all very well for an American artist, but why should an English newspaper give itself away so merrily?

The extent to which the minds of people have changed during the century never seemed so apparent to me as when, just lately, I came across an old volume of "Sandford and Merton." It was lying in the lumber-room of a country house, tattered, torn, and forgotten, but complete. Throughout a long summer afternoon I read the wisdom contained in the remarks of good Mr. Barlow, and I confess that no *matinée* in a theatre ever gave me a tithe of the amusement. For sheer stupidity of good intentions, prolix morality, and general long-windedness, "Sandford and Merton" has never been approached. There is no difficulty in imagining the character of the man who wrote it, and remarking his utter absence of knowledge of life. The only difficulty is in realising that there was a time when such well-meant trash was deemed fit mental pabulum for the young. The rising generation may be no nearer perfection than that which has risen, but let us be thankful that "Merrie England" does not rear many Harry Sandfords and similar insufferable types. How ill-befitted for the facts of existence would any child be who took the author seriously! The author was an amiable faddist, and that he fully believed in the twaddle he wrote is proved by the sad fact that he lost his life by putting into practice one of his own theories, with regard to the moral influence of men over horses.

The death of Mr. John Tiplady Carrodus robs the London concert-goer of a familiar figure. He was born in Yorkshire in 1840, and in the early part of the year was presented with the freedom of Keighley. He had been a member of the Opera band for over forty years, leading it on the night of his death. The name will be carried on by his sons, who have followed in their father's footsteps. The funeral took place at Highgate on Wednesday.

With the Patti reappearance as Rosini's Rosina fresh in the memory, it is decidedly interesting to hear that the management of La Scala at Milan have determined to celebrate the eightieth birthday of "The Barber of Seville" next spring by a gala representation. It was on Feb. 5, 1816, at the Argentina Theatre at Rome, that this opera was first produced. "The Barber" was not performed at La Scala until Sept. 16, 1820, and since then it has been given at that famous opera-house upwards of 245 times, mainly in the years prior to the second half of this moribund century.



THE LATE MR. J. T. CARRODUS.

Photo by Russell, Baker Street, W.

David Belasco, part author of "The Girl I Left Behind Me," has finished his new play, entitled "Heart of Maryland," which is to be produced at the Herald Square Theatre, New York, in the autumn. The cast is to include E. J. Henley, brother of the present editor of the *New Review*, and Maurice Barrymore, who will be remembered here as author of a strong drama, "Nadjezda," and from whom Mr. Penley is said to have acquired a play dealing, in humorous fashion, with the effects of transfusion of blood. His name always recalls to me Charles Lamb's sentence about the splendid sound of the words, seen on a play-bill, Orsino des Barrymore. "Nadjezda," by the way, was brought out at the Haymarket, January, 1886, when Mr. Tree took the part of Prince Zabouroff.

It may give some idea of the care with which the more important provincial tours are prepared nowadays, if I state that the engagement of Mr. Frederick G. Latham's "The Fatal Card" company at the Surrey was preceded by a month's rehearsals, and as many as three dress-rehearsals, one of these taking place at the Adelphi, and the other two at Mr. Conquest's theatre. A month also was the term fixed for rehearsals for two more tours arranged by Mr. Latham—those with "The Notorious Mrs. Ebbsmith" and "The Triumph of the Philistines."

I am sanguine enough to hope for success for the Princess's Theatre as a cheap-price House; and, at any rate, the management have really secured "a good attraction" for the opening of the new régime in Messrs. Arthur Shirley and Benjamin Landeck's melodrama, "Saved from the Sea," which was prodigiously successful this spring at the New Pavilion Theatre. Indeed, "Saved from the Sea" drew crowded houses at "the Drury Lane of the East" right through the seven weeks of the stock-season, March 4 to April 20. Mr. Charles Glenney has been engaged for his old part of the unjustly accused and all-but-hanged fisherman-hero, Dan Ellington; Mr. Austin Melford resumes the rôle of the villainous inquiry-agent, Peter Scalcher, in which he succeeded Mr. Julian Cross on the latter's return to the Adelphi to play the Indian Chief in "The Girl I Left Behind Me"; and another important character is assigned to Mr. Bassett Roe. The blowing-up by dynamite of the fishing-smack in Act I., and the abortive execution in Act III., should be as effective in Oxford Street as they were in the Mile End Road.

I note that Mr. Alfred Dampier, the celebrated Anglo-Australian actor, who has won fame alike in the legitimate drama and in romantic plays, has been stopping at San Francisco on his way back to the Antipodes, and has there been filling a starring engagement at the Alcazar Theatre. Personally, I think he was rather hardly treated over his production at the Princess's last October of his adaptation of Rolf Boldrewood's "Robbery Under Arms," and both that play and Mr. Dampier's version of "Les Misérables," entitled "Valjean," are included in the repertoire for this Frisco engagement. English audiences ought certainly to have seen more of Alfred Dampier during his visit to the Old Country.



"BE GOOD!"

Photo by Elmer Chickering, Boston.

Society (with a big S) and the cycle; Burns and Battersea—these are antagonistic elements in our civilisation, but they have got mixed of late, for Society has mounted the cycle and daily breaks for Battersea, which has become the Rotten Row of the wheelists. There they all are—merry misses and melancholy matrons, giddy youth and serious age, pounding away at the pedal as hard as their legs—imagine the creator of Sir Willoughby Patterne describing those legs!—will permit them. Had Mrs. Bloomer had the privilege of seeing Battersea Park of a morning, her heart had gladdened in hopes of the ultimate success of the fashion she created, for the natty-knieker is the rage—

When ladies at first took to wearing the Bloomer,
They only would venture abroad in the dark;
But now they imagine it excellent humour
To cycle by daylight in Battersea Park.

They are said to have made a tremendous fuss about Dick Whittington because he was thrice Lord Mayor of London, but, to my mind, that famous civic and pantomime hero has been beaten hollow by a far more humble French functionary, who, at the good old age of eighty-two, has just celebrated his forty-third year of uninterrupted mayoralty at a little place in the Department of Oise. So interesting and laudable was this long tenure of office deemed that the authorities decreed the Academic palms to the veteran Mayor, Judenne by name, and almost the whole population of the district turned out to do him honour on the day of presentation.

I recently had an interesting chat with an itinerant photographer in the heart of Kent. He had set up his tent by the side of an inn, and was waiting for custom. Cyclists were arriving in crowds, but he said that the pedestrians were his best customers. When some of the root of all evil had made him more communicative, he pleaded guilty to the charge of enjoying a jolly life in the summer-time. He tramped about the country from about April to October, his companion developed the photos, and they shared profits. Of course, theirs was the wet-plate process, involving chemicals that, by comparison, make Limburger cheese smell like eau-de-Cologne, but they were none the less happy. Wet weather was their chief enemy. A uniform charge of a shilling left a profit of about ninepence, so that lucky days made life seem all beer and skittles.

When nobody was out, they would take still-life photos, and very often country innkeepers would stand bread, cheese, and ale, in return for a family group. My informant was a singularly well-educated fellow, with a respectable and well-placed selection of aspirates, a man whose appearance was a guarantee that the itinerant photographer's life is, in some cases, a very healthy one. He neither cadged nor swore, and would have done credit to a Bulwer Lytton romance.

Why all the pother about the General Election, since there is no such thing as Parliament? This fact I learn from the Legitimist Kalendar, which has just been issued for the second year (Henry and Co.), under the editorship of "the Marquis de Ruvigny and Raineval." Joshua made the sun stand still about a whole day, but the Legitimists have made it cease to shine over England for two centuries and more—to be precise, since 1688, when William of Orange sailed down on our island, and took possession of the throne. So our real and hereditary sovereign is Mary IV. and III., by the grace of God, of England, Scotland, France, and Ireland, Queen, &c. True, she is known as Princess Louise of Bavaria, but that is solely due to the Act of Settlement. Parliament has no existence until called into being by the Sovereign, but, as Queen Mary has not assembled Parliament, St. Stephen's is the veriest myth. The whole situation is worthy of Mr. Gilbert's attention for the next Savoy opera, of which this might be one of the numbers—

When Mary comes across the sea
To claim her ancient throne,
How passing happy we shall be
Beneath our gracious Mary (Three)
The only Queen to own!

Our land would come to life once more,
For is there need to state
That England withered to the core
When William landed on our shore
In 1688?

Perchance it seems a paradox,
But yet the truth prevails—
There never was a Pitt or Fox,
There is no play called "Box and Cox,"
No Edward Prince of Wales;

No Second Mrs. Tanqueray
To horrify or "fetch";
No Dudley Hardy, no Phil May,
To fill with their pictorial play
The pages of a *Sketch*.

So, in the catalogue of things
That don't and can't exist,
Besides the half of Europe's kings,
The very simplest logic brings
The leal Legitimist.

I don't know whether the Legitimists regard their creed as a lost cause, but I must say that their Kalendar is packed full of the most curious information on all the real Sovereigns of the world. This year's issue is a very great advance on its predecessor in point of completeness and appearance. The edition ought to be speedily taken up, for there is scarce another book of reference more entertaining and fuller of the out-of-the-way details in the great Jacobite struggle.



CYCLISTS IN BATTERSEA PARK.

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

NEMESIS.

BY C. ENGELBACH.

No one brought into casual contact with Edward Flint would have suspected that he was of unsound mind. None the less, he was one of the most dangerous lunatics that I had in the X—Asylum.

He had been an exceptionally able lawyer, and, up to his fortieth year, had been making a large income. Overwork had, however, told upon him, and he was suddenly seized, while in the company of some friends, with acute homicidal mania. He had been with me for four years, and, on the average, had an attack of mania every six or seven weeks. During his period of lunacy he was so ferocious as to demand constant care and supervision, and of course, as a result, had to be detained in the asylum.

In his saner intervals, no man could have desired a pleasanter companion, and it was my constant habit to spend half an hour or so a day in his congenial company. One day, just before his periodical attack, he told me the following story, which is of such a unique character that I give it just as he told it me. At its conclusion, wrought up to a pitch of fury, he made a determined attack upon me, and I nearly paid for my tale with my life, being only rescued with difficulty by the attendants.

"I was what the world would call a successful man, and, on my fortieth birthday, I reckoned I was making over two thousand pounds a year. I had always been a lonely man, and had never had the least inclination towards female society, contenting myself with my work and my books. One day, however, I had to wait upon an old gentleman who had recently come to our town, for the purpose of drawing up his will. When this was done I was introduced to his daughter, a girl about twenty. Ethel Millikin was not what might have been called a beauty; still, I knew at once that I had met my fate. To you, Doctor, married young and happily, it may sound ridiculous for a middle-aged man to be talking of love; yet to me it was a desperate fact. I will not bore you with her description; suffice it to say that, trembling, I took my leave and went back to my office. There I thought long and deeply over this new phase in my life, and finally resolved that, cost what it might, I would marry Miss Millikin, and that if I couldn't—no one else should.

"It was clearly absurd for me to attempt to win her love in the usual way, the disparity in our years was too great; so I decided to win her respect first.

"I took time over it, and quietly interested myself in her pet projects, subscribed to her sick-funds, lent her books, and was of use to her in many ways. Already she regarded me as a very dear friend, and, I have no doubt, would soon have learnt to love me.

"One night I was to take her and her sister to the theatre, and had booked three stalls. At the last minute, however, to my secret joy, her sister had a bad headache, and was unable to go. We went as arranged, and I decided to put my fortunes to the touch during the performance. On our arrival the theatre was crowded, and, to my intense annoyance, I found a young client of mine, Sir Edward Berkley, in the next stall to ours. I was obliged to introduce him, and had the mortification of seeing that Miss Millikin had made an impression on him. What chance had I against a young, wealthy, and handsome man? and with jealous eyes I already saw the Château d'Espagne of love, that I had so carefully reared, in ruins.

"On our return from the play, Berkley insisted on accompanying us to Mr. Millikin's house, and was introduced by me to him.

"The acquaintance ripened into friendship, and friendship into love, which I was powerless to prevent; and one day Berkley burst into my office, in a great state of excitement, and asked me to congratulate him!

"Me, of all men! How I managed, with impotent rage at my heart, to keep a smooth and smiling face, I do not know; but, to add to the bitter irony of the situation, I had to receive instructions to draw up my successful rival's marriage settlements. I could have cheerfully murdered him as he sat in his chair, so bright and cheerful, with the happiness of youth glowing in his face. Suddenly his face twitched, and he hastily put up his hand to his brow.

"What is it?" I eagerly asked, hoping he might be going to be ill.

"Nothing—only neuralgia. I have suffered from it for years, and have tried everything, and seen all the doctors; but to no avail. So now I make the best of it."

"So saying, he got up and took his leave, to go and make love—curse him!—to his *fiancée*."

"No one knows what days and nights I spent, although I worked until my body was aching; my brain would not let me sleep. I roamed up and down my room, planning impossible methods of revenge, only to see the futility of it all. The times are not suited for melodrama, and I could only watch and watch and—wait.

"One morning I crawled down to the office, feeling utterly done-up, and listlessly examined my correspondence. Among them I noted one from an old friend who was practising as a physician in Paris. Tossing the rest of my letters to the managing clerk, I began to read my friend's long letter. Suddenly a paragraph in it seemed to stand before my eyes as if written in fire. It ran thus—

You will, I know, be keenly interested in a marvellous discovery that Dr. Luys, of this city, has just made. He is our great authority on brain diseases, and also dabbles in hypnotism and other kindred subjects.

He has established beyond any doubt that it is possible to remove the delusions of an insane person—previously hypnotised—by means of a thin magnetised steel band worn round the patient's forehead for about a week. This is sufficiently marvellous, but is nothing to the fact that if a sane man or woman wears the band previously used by the lunatic, the delusions of the latter pass in their entirety to the wearer, who becomes an echo in every action of his predecessor.

"At last! At last! Crushing the paper in my hand, I revelled in the exquisite revenge the letter revealed to me. My brain, preternaturally excited, in a few moments planned the whole scheme. Violently ringing my bell, I informed the clerk, who came hurrying in, that I had to go to Paris at once on urgent business. I told him to ask Sir Edward to meet me at the office in four days' time to finish the settlements, and I started at once for London *en route* for Paris.

"Fatigue was gone. Once more alert and active, I felt as if treading on air. On the journey I rehearsed and rehearsed the scheme I had planned out until I thought it perfect. I at once, on arrival, hastened to my friend's house and pretended that I had not received his letter. After breakfast he took me to Dr. Luys' clinic, and there I saw that the powers he laid claim to were indeed his. Selecting the neediest-looking of his assistants, I gently touched him and drew him aside. In my best French I told him that if he came to my hotel that evening with the band just removed from the lunatic who had been relieved before my eyes, I would give him 2500 francs, or £100. At first he would not listen, but at last he did, and I went back to my hotel, content. That evening I left Paris with my 'revenge' carefully packed in a small box. On arrival at my house I slept for twelve hours, a thing I had not done for weeks, and awoke ready to carry my scheme through.

"I see you shudder, Doctor, but I felt calm as fate itself.

"The following morning I was closeted with Berkley for some time, poring over deeds of title and old, musty documents. I purposely delayed, in order to fatigue him. Presently, I saw the tell-tale contraction of his face, and I knew he was mine. Leaning across the table, I said—

"I had intended, Sir Edward, half-ruining myself in giving you a wedding-present; but I have altered my mind—I will cure your neuralgia instead."

"What?" said he eagerly; "I'd give anything if you could; it's the only cross I have to bear."

"Well, I'll cure you on one condition."

"Name it—I'll do anything."

"That you give me your solemn word of honour not to disclose to anyone the method of cure."

"All right; only cure me."

"Well, I'll tell you, first, why you have had to promise. You must know that this office—that is, myself—is the repository of half the secrets of the town. This is because everyone thinks I am a model for solid common sense. Now, if you blurted out that I had advised you to use a half-spiritualistic, half-quackish remedy, why, my reputation as an embodiment of practical sense would be gone. I used, myself, to suffer from headaches, and do now, for that matter, and had tried every remedy that the doctors could suggest. At last I was persuaded to try a Spiritualist, to whom I went at night. He gave me a thin band to wear whenever I had a headache, and he said it would relieve it if due to overwork, or cure it if due to neuralgia. It has to be worn for eight days constantly, and, to enable you to do it, I suggest that we both take a week's holiday, and go to some small fishing-village and try the treatment."

"I paused, and waited with throbbing heart for his answer.

"How awfully good you are, Flint! I can never repay you for your kindness; I owe you more than I can tell already. Why, you introduced me to the loveliest—"

"Stay! stay! Don't begin that. I will arrange to start next Monday; will that suit you?"

"So it was agreed, and he left the office in high spirits, while I sat on and thought of Ethel, my wife in the future.

"In the little village of Ancorn I bound the fatal band round his forehead. I could not hypnotise him, but I felt sure that my intense desire for the success of the band would be as good as any other man's hypnotic power. And so it proved, for, on the eighth day, I found Sir Edward Berkley—Ethel's promised husband—in his bedroom, a gibbering lunatic. I at once secured the steel band, which was soon destroyed, and then summoned assistance. With great difficulty, we had him removed to an asylum, and I went back to break the news to his *fiancée*. I did it, I flatter myself, well, and then left her alone for a month. Then I gradually began once more to frequent the house, until I stood again in my old position. Berkley had been away for five months, and I thought the time had arrived to speak my mind to Ethel. I went one afternoon to see her, and, if possible, to win her. Sitting at her side, I was just going to speak, when I heard a step on the stair and turned round, and, to my amazement, saw Sir Edward Berkley himself. Then I saw all was over—a blind fury seemed to seize me. In a moment I was on him. "Ah! I have you now—I have you at last!"

With a bound, Flint was upon me. I fought for my life, but, fortunately, assistance was at hand, and, fighting, yelling, and struggling, the maniac was secured.

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THE LIGHT SIDE OF NATURE.

THE
SPINSTER



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95



ELECTION INTELLIGENCE.

CANDIDATE'S WIFE: "Well, John, have you been to the poll?"

JOHN: "No, my lady, I 'aven't been to 'The Pole,' but I 'ave been to 'The Anchor.'"



THE NEW ART.



INTERNATIONAL VIEWS.

“ It ’s not Home Rule, but his tailor’s bill, that troubles the Englishman.”

THE ART OF THE DAY.

How to adorn our public buildings—what subjects to select for permanent memorial which shall at the same time be appropriate to the uses of these buildings—these are matters which have always tested the artist's ingenuity to its uttermost. In mediæval times, indeed, in cities like Florence or Rome, where the religious element was preponderant in the artistic mind of the people to a somewhat excessive degree, the humblest, the most matter-of-fact among civil buildings, found not inappropriate adornment in the selection of a biblical story, a scriptural parable. It entered into the common spirit of men, and, from the humorous point of view, was therefore left, as insignificant.

It will be remembered, however, that a considerable amount of amused gossip was rife, not so many years ago, when certain subjects were chosen for the decoration of the General Post Office of Sydney. And now comes the news that a certain eminent life assurance company at Calcutta—whose new buildings are about to persuade the poor Indian that, after all, Europe has a certain sort of art to boast of—has fixed upon a choice of subject for the decoration of a pompous façade no less peculiar than the selection made for the Sydney Post Office. The choice, in a word, is the parable of the Ten Virgins, and it is understood that the figures which will go to its composition are being constructed upon an enormous scale in England. It will be something of a revelation, doubtless, to the native mind.

We mentioned last week the fact that a certain collection of interesting relics, formerly belonging to Lord Nelson, was about to be sold. It is gratifying to note that the new Government has bought up the whole collection for the nation, at the



THE HOUSEMAID.—THE LATE T. WOOLNER, R.A.

has made the Queen precisely the same height. The Queen, be it recorded, for the sake of history, is not quite so tall as the average Lifeguardsman.

The charming little exhibition now on view at Messrs. Dickinson and Foster's gallery, 114, New Bond Street, of Mr. Thomas Hardy's specialised county of "Wessex," is one which should interest not only artists, but also all those lovers of English literature—and they include all lovers of English literature—who admire Thomas Hardy and the particular environment which he has made dear to his readers. Wessex has been filled with its old streets, its churches, its ghosts, its curious old characters, its comedy, its tragedy, its everyday life, by the same strong hand; and Wessex is a true part of English soil.

Professor Herkomer's three illustrations to "Tess of the D'Urbervilles" are scarcely so successful as either other illustrations he has done, or as other works by other artists hanging in the same collection. They are a trifle heavy and uninspired. The "Scarce old prints of Dorset," lent by Sir Robert P. Edgecumbe, however, have a good deal, if not of artistic, at least of historical excellence. All old prints have; but these combine the peculiar and special interest of a modern side-light thrown, as it were, from a modern mind upon the old remains—the gates, the churches, the low-lying villages, the places of no more than nominal attractiveness.

The old coloured prints are more quaint than these others, if not quite so accurately interesting; as it has been said of old, "Colour a print, and destroy the verisimilitude." Still, "Lulworth"—the old castle one sees in the distance from the beach at Weymouth—"Swanage," and "Portland,"

THE LATE REV. EDWARD THRING.—T. BROCK, R.A.
Exhibited in the Royal Academy.

comparatively small sum of about five thousand pounds. We fancy that, had the various items come into competition, the realised sum would have been considerably higher, taking those items detail by detail. Still, we cannot but rejoice that the nation has the privilege of their possession. One of the last uncontroversial acts, by the way, of the late Government, was the purchase of the drawings and engravings of the late Mr. John Malcolm, which, for two years, have lain lingering in the British Museum. It is interesting to record that the price paid for this collection was five times that paid for the Nelson relics. Patriots will, doubtless, shed a tear; but, after all, this result is only another example of the outworn and utterly demoralised observation that life is short and that art is long.

It is noticed by the indefatigable "Atlas" that Mr. Macbeth's Royal Exchange wall-picture makes a curious commentary upon her Majesty's height. It is generally reckoned that a Lifeguardsman should measure about eight times the length of his head, and it is on record that Mr. Macbeth

COMUS.—E. R. MULLINS.
Exhibited in the New Gallery.



WATER-LILIES.

Photo by Johnstone, O'Shannessy and Co., Ltd., Melbourne.

are extremely pleasant, and full of English memories. The water-colour drawings, however, have an artistic interest of their own. Some half-dozen by T. Rowe are pleasant and shining, and there are a few by C. J. Barrand which are quite attractive, if not exactly engrossing. The oil paintings are, on the other hand, extremely interesting—

of such illustrations, beautiful, grotesque, or fanciful, as pleased the mediæval minds of our ancestors. According to the *St. James's Gazette*, the other two, consisting of a service-book of Holyrood Abbey, and Fordun's Chronicles of Scotland, are of antiquarian rather than artistic interest. All three manuscripts belong to the Pringle family of Yair, Selkirkshire.

one by Alfred Parsons, "Apple Blossoms and Tulips in an Old Garden at Frome," possessing the charm not only of the place, but also of colour and of atmosphere.

For the rest, it will suffice to note that nothing could be more complete or representative than this delightful exhibition. "The verdant plain so well watered by the river Var or Frome," "The Valley of the Great Dairies," of Tess's sad experience, is here. There is, too, a quantity of Mr. F. Whitehead's work, which is, at any rate, instinct with a love of the soil, and of the country which he has, in a sense, made his own. "Wool Bridge and Manor House"—"the great Elizabethan bridge which gives the place half its name," of "Tess"—is especially commendable. The whole exhibition, however, well deserves a visit.

The progress of photography, all the world over, proceeds so rapidly that it is difficult to keep pace with it. Here are two good examples of what the camera can do—one from Melbourne, and one from a northern province in India.



AN INDIAN RANI.

"WESSEX," THOMAS HARDY'S COUNTRY.

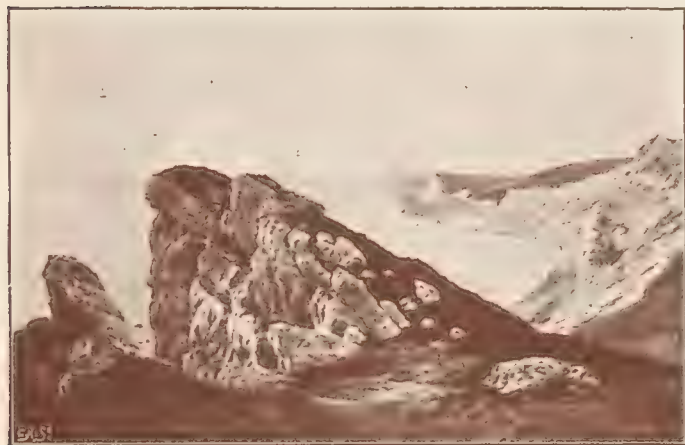
Exhibited at Messrs. Dickinson and Foster's Gallery, New Bond Street, W.



WOOL BRIDGE AND MANOR HOUSE.—F. WHITEHEAD.



RINGSTEAD. C. J. BARRAUD.



DORSET COAST, FROM WEST LULWORTH.—C. J. BARRAUD.



GORWELL: THE GREY MARE AND COLTS.—F. WHITEHEAD.



THE MILL STREAM.—YEEND KING.



CERNE ABBAS, DORSET.—YEEND KING.



ABBOTSBURY: ST. CATHERINE'S CHAPEL.—F. WHITEHEAD.



IN A DORSET VILLAGE.—YEEND KING.



SHY.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY LAFAYETTE, DUBLIN.

"DAGONET" AND HIS FAMILY AT HOME.

"Oh! you've come to see my pets, have you? Then you *really* think I have any?"

Thus quoth Mr. George R. Sims, between the puffs of his pipe (writes a *Sketch* correspondent), as we sat comfortably ensconced on either side of the fire-place in his capacious library. The question somewhat took me aback. I had come prepared to make the acquaintance of the various four-footed inmates of Opposite-the-Ducks Villa, whom "Dagonet's" facile pen has made so familiar to us, and here, at the outset, I was confronted with the terrible suggestion that they had no existence outside the territories of his fertile imagination! I gazed round the room in dismay, and my fears somewhat abated, for on the wall in front of me hung portraits of animals. On my right and left were more portraits, and upon every inch of space not covered by papers or books stood the counterfeit presentments of horses, dogs, and cats in reckless profusion. Assuredly there never was a room so redolent of animal life as this! Surely the "sitters" for the innumerable photos must have been something more than "founded on fact," or were the pictures part and parcel of their owner's stock-in-trade to deceive his guileless visitors?

I stole a glance at "Dagonet," and his expression completely reassured me. The merry twinkle that lurked in his eye told me that he had divined my thought, and was vastly amused thereat. So I plucked up heart of grace, and said that I had never doubted for a moment that his pets really existed, for were not their doings chronicled in a certain famous paper, and was it not known unto all that naught but "the truth, the whole truth," was ever permitted to gain currency under the auspices of "Mustard and Cress"?

"Well," responded Mr. Sims, "it's very refreshing to meet, in these days of scepticism, one person who believes there is anything genuine about me. Look"—and he handed me from the mantelpiece a neat little card—"this is the sort of thing I continually have to put up with."

The card proved to be a concisely worded document, stating that the fraternity from whom it emanated had unanimously conferred upon "Dagonet" the degree of "Champion Liar!"

Of course, I commiserated him upon his hard lot, reminding him that "to be great is to be misunderstood"; but, at the same time, I ventured to say that, though I was prepared to swear as to the existence of his pets, and the truth of the stories about them which he so often relates, yet I still had an impression that the whimsical names by which they have become so well known were only used for journalistic purposes, and that they rejoice in far homelier cognomens in private life. In answer, Mr. Sims opened a book that lay near at hand, and in which were pasted the receipts of the Kennel Club for the registration fees for the various names, which, I saw, exactly coincided with those I had already heard. Then my last doubts fled, and I turned to "Dagonet" to make the *amende honorable*. But he had crossed the room, and, opening the door, called out loudly. The sound of pattering feet was heard, and, in another moment, two of his dogs came tearing into the room and threw themselves upon him, with ardent expressions of canine delight.

The bull-pup who, as is the manner of his kind, came lumbering round the table was "Billy Greet," so named after the popular manager of the Avenue Theatre. He approached me in the most friendly manner, pushing his bullet-head into my hand as an earnest of his amicable intentions, and we were soon on the best of terms. Billy is a recent addition to the *ménage*, but is already a prime favourite, on account of his engaging ways, although he has frequently to be checked in his propensity for gnawing every object he comes across. The electric light, according to Mr. Sims, seems to have taken his juvenile fancy, and he takes every opportunity of making a substantial meal off this, his favourite article of diet. Another little trick which seems to afford him (as it certainly does the onlooker) infinite diversion, is that of seating himself in a large rocking-chair, which he keeps in motion until it lulls him to slumber. Although a well-grown dog, and extremely forward for his age (he is only six months old), Mr. Sims, in spite of the pride he takes in him, is not without misgivings as to his future, and related his shortcomings with evident sorrow. His unfilial behaviour on a recent occasion, when his worthy sire, that grand champion, Facey Romford, came to pay him a farewell visit before leaving for the New World, certainly showed a great lack of that repose of manner which is the boast

of every bulldog with an ounce of self-respect. One would have thought that Billy's gnawing propensities would have lain dormant for the time being, when meeting the author of his being; but, no, his only sign of recognition was to commence a vigorous attack upon Facey Romford's ear, which he chewed and mumbled over with, luckily for him, his still undeveloped teeth. Another point in which Billy has, until now, been weighed in the balance and found wanting, is as regards his personal appearance, which hardly comes up to the standard of beauty, or rather, ugliness, demanded by fanciers. "Still," Mr. Sims said, with a tinge of hopefulness in his voice, "he has plenty of time before him, and I hope that when he has left childish things behind him, and has attained to his full development, his 'point' will be more in keeping with his illustrious descent; and who knows if, some day, his demeanour will not serve as a model to Regent's Park canine society?"

Along with the bull-pup came a diminutive black-and-tan, who rejoices in the name of Frizzy. He is a sharp little chap, and a great favourite; but, alas! his days have been long in the land, and "Dagonet" sadly realises that ere long his tiny, pattering feet, and small, sharp bark, as he greets his master, will be things of the past.

Having seen the house-dogs, "Dagonet" suggested a visit to the stables to see the Dalmatians, or "plum-pudding dogs," as he so appropriately styles them, in allusion to their appearance. Before we went, a huge tabby cat came patting its way into the room. This is the only member of the household who bears a commonplace name; he is known by the old familiar "Tom," and is an affectionate but somewhat phlegmatic creature, his seven years seeming to bear heavily upon him. A very different disposition has Clarence Blundell Maple Snow, a dwarf cat, whose quick movements and fiery eyes bear testimony to his pugnacity. He is a remarkable animal, in many ways. He is an albino, being pure white, with pink eyes, and is stone-deaf, as albinos generally are, and, although several years old, is no larger than many a kitten of as many months. But woe betide the dog who comes into conflict with him! even Billy Greet holds him in salutary dread. Mr. Sims cherishes a special regard for Snow, as he is descended from a long line of cats which he has had since his boyhood, and probably will be the last of his family. He is the first albino, his mother being an ordinary tabby, so there is no reason to fear that the stock has come to an end. His long name, for such a small personage, originated in this manner: Clarence, from the terrace in which his owner lives; Blundell Maple, after that gentleman, whose abode is only a few yards away; and Snow, of course, owing to his colour.

Having dismissed Snow, and leaving Tommy coiled up on the manuscript of a new play, we proceeded to the stables, where Faust-up-to-Date and Sir Hugo were installed. Two smarter and natter ponies you could not wish for, and I was not at all surprised when Mr. Sims told me that he often drives them over forty miles in a day. He is fond of these long spins, but sees no reason why his cattle should have to suffer for this penchant, so sends on one ahead and changes on the road, as was the custom in the old stage-coaching days. They are both bays, and a glance at their bright eyes, dainty feet, and silky coats, is sufficient to show that they are well cared for by their master, whom, immediately he entered the stable, they recognised and joyfully saluted. Sir Hugo is very nearly thoroughbred, his father being Disturbance, a Grand National winner, whose performances across country many, no doubt, will remember. Next stands a staid old black mare, Gipsy, who looks absurdly large when contrasted with the ponies. She is a quiet old lady, and apparently eminently suited for working in a brougham, for which she is used.

Another stall the Dalmatians use as a sitting-room, but when we looked in, it contained only one of them, who seemed exceedingly glad to have some visitors. Where the others were Mr. Sims did not know, so, leaving the solitary occupant of the stall somewhat disconsolate, we went out in the yard to find them. They were not there, and, as we waited, "Dagonet" gave me some information about the "plum-pudding" family.

"I wonder where Sandow can have got to?" he began meditatively. "I think it's positively disgraceful for him to be gadding about so soon after the death of his son Lord Lyon, whom we buried a short time back. I have only Sandow and Samson now out of the four strong men. I used to have Slavin and Sullivan as well. Yes, Lady Godiva was Lord Lyon's mother, and she, Sandow, and Samson generally follow me when I drive out. They're the most comical dogs you ever came across, and are always doing things to make people talk about them.



MR. G. R. SIMS.

Photo by A. Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.

If I go to a place where I am likely to stay some time, I'm sure they know it: for off they go straight to the nearest restaurant, and make their way to the kitchen, where they generally get a good feed, as folks soon get to know them. Again, if I go into a shop, they sit outside in a row till I come out. The other day I was at Heath's in Oxford Street. Solemnly outside sat Sandow, Samson, and Lady Godiva, sitting on their haunches, with their heads straight to the front, for all the world just like three soldiers on parade. They had all got black ribbons on, as they were in mourning for Lord Lyon, and you should have just seen the people look! Of course, all my friends say I teach them to do these things, but, as a matter of fact, they pick them up of their own accord. I suppose my own ways are rather peculiar in some respects, and that close association with me has its effect upon their character. After all, why not? A dog is just as imitative, and a great deal more intelligent than many men, and one cannot fail to notice the difference between those belonging, say, to a hard-headed tradesman, and those that share the fortunes of a Bohemian sort of fellow like myself. 'Imitation is the sincerest flattery,' and a man might be proud of worse things than stamping his character upon his pets. Of course, I hope you won't run away with the idea that I sit three in a row outside shops with a black ribbon tied round my neck."

Just as he finished, Samson and Sandow came tearing in, and, after I had duly admired them, we returned to the library, where I spent a delightful half-hour listening to "Dagonet," as he discoursed on a variety of topics—men, books, and things in general. What struck me most was that, in spite of the whimsical manner in which he shapes his utterances, they are invariably characterised by such shrewd common-sense and level-headedness, especially when dealing with any of the



BILLY GREET, SIX MONTHS OLD.

Photo by A. Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.

important questions of the day, and yet never a trace of the bitterness and rancour which too often accompanies current criticism! He told me that he had come in for his share of the vituperation which certain apostles of the "New School" shower on all whose work does not conform to the standard of Art ("Art with a big A," said "Dagonet") which they have set up. I expressed surprise at this, saying that I had imagined that he was one of the few men who had no enemies, but "Dagonet" shook his head and said sadly—

"Oh, I've had my share, and I know it's stupid of me to take any notice of some of the press cuttings that I see—I suppose I ought rather to take it as a compliment; but one can't always be so philosophical, and I want people to like me. And that's the reason why they take me to task, these young men. Any writer who shows a trace of old-fashioned sentiment is immediately made a target for their shafts. Why," and his tone became almost fierce, "they have actually had the audacity to drag poor old Dickens out of his grave to bespatter him with mud. 'Rotter' is the choice epithet which they have thought fit to apply to a man whose boots they were not fit to black, in an artistic sense, or, for that matter, in a literal one."

Having relieved his feelings by this little outburst, he relapsed into his old jesting tone. Soon the conversation drifted into that topic which absorbs so much attention nowadays—"Sex Literature," and his remarks on the cult and its disciples were, I thought, ex-

ceedingly happy and characteristic of his healthy and practical disposition.

"The most amusing thing about the whole business is that these unsophisticated—yes, *unsophisticated*—young people try to gull us into the belief that they have discovered 'sex,' that the passions and emotions they attempt to treat of are something new in the history of the human



MR. SIMS'S LIBRARY.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY THE LONDON STEREOSCOPIC COMPANY, REGENT STREET, W.

race! New to *them*, probably; like precocious children, they go about instructing the world upon the marvellous facts of which they themselves have only just begun to have a vague comprehension."

"Passion!" (in reply to a remark of mine), grunted "Dagonet," "why, they don't know the meaning of the emotions they prate about so glibly; you've only got to look at them, with their cigarettes and ambrosial locks, to see that. Personally, I'm very far from being Puritanical, and I don't object to what are called 'improper' topics being introduced into novels if they are necessary for the working-out of a plot, and if the proper amount is left to the imagination, as is the case with many of the French writers; but the *fin-de-siècle* interpretation of 'Art for Art's sake' seems to me uncommonly like 'Dirt for Dirt's sake.' It's to a great extent the fault of the public; it takes these young men too seriously. After all, it may be the 'Zeitgeist.' Twenty years ago, little street-boys used to write rude words on brick walls and run away; now, young men (and women) write the same sort of things (*without using the words*) on a bit of paper, send it to a magazine, and are hailed as 'new Shaksperes'!"

On the subject of the "New Art," "Dagonet" was just as emphatic, boldly characterising it as unhealthy and untrue. "They tell me," he said, "I've no soul for art, when I compare Mr. Aubrey Beardsley's work with the 'pictures' we used to draw on our slates as small school-boys. All I can say is, that if representations of landscapes without perspective, and of men and women apparently constructed on the artist's own principle, be art, I'm very glad I can't appreciate it. And, what's more, I don't want to. I enjoy a picture that conveys something to my mind; when I'm shown a blotch of green and a splash of red, and am told it's a portrait of a well-known actress, I'm quite content to be dubbed a Philistine, and leave the 'appreciation' of such work to the chestless young gentlemen of the 'cigarette brigade.'"

Mr. Sims went on to tell me many anecdotes and incidents both in his own career and of people well known in the literary and dramatic world, which space will not permit of being related. Finally, he returned to his pets, of whom he never seems tired of talking. He showed me an inkstand made out of one of the hoofs of his old mare, Beauty, who died in 1893, after serving him faithfully for fourteen years; he pointed out two wreaths which hung on the wall, sent on the deaths of the two dogs, Pickle and Dinkie. He drew my attention to photos and pictures of innumerable animals, among the latter being Louis Wain's original cat sketch entitled "A Catastrophe after the Xmas Festivities." He is continually receiving offerings from other people's pets to his, these generally taking the form of photos of the senders, and collars for Clarence Blundell Maple Snow and the dogs; and then, of course, the recipient has to send *his* photo, by way of returning the compliment. It is vastly refreshing, in this cynical age, to encounter a man like "Dagonet," who enters with such enjoyment into the life of what the superior person calls the "lower animals," but, as he terms them, "his four-footed *confrères*." In the Christmas Card he sent out three years ago, he and his pets are represented as sitting round the festive board like any other Christmas party, and certainly they could not be treated with more consideration were they human beings. Some folks might feel disposed to scoff at this, but, in spite of the warmth of his heart for all animals, there is no mawkish sensibility about "Dagonet," and he does not lavish his affection upon his cats and dogs to the neglect of his fellow-men, as many a one to whom he has lent a helping hand could testify.

And, on the contrary, he is ever ready to enlist his pets in the service of any meritorious cause. An incident, in which the two dogs whose wreaths I have mentioned played the principal rôles, affords an excellent illustration of this. Some eight or nine years ago, during a fire in Rochdale, it was discovered that a child was still in the burning house, and it seemed a sheer impossibility to attempt to rescue it. While men hesitated, a brave dog dashed through the flames, but, stupefied by the heat and smoke, was unable to get back again. The poor animal would undoubtedly have been burned to death had not a heroic fireman succeeded in rescuing him, amid a scene of great enthusiasm. The act was obviously one that demanded recognition, and so thought "Dagonet," with the result that a fund was started by Pickle and Spider, who appealed to the dogs of the country to spare a trifle for the preserver of their Rochdale brother. Subscriptions flowed in readily, accompanied by letters from all sorts and conditions of dog-owners, couched in most sympathetic terms, which "Dagonet" still preserves and prizes highly. The "office dog" at the *Stockkeeper* sent a guinea; Colonel Stuart Wortley's Bruce accompanied his donation with a letter written by his master and actually signed by himself, and a "Fire Brigade Terrier" sent his mite. These are a few out of the shoals of letters he received in answer to Pickle and Spider's appeal. A very substantial sum was eventually raised, which, together with a photograph of the principal dog-donors, was presented to the large-hearted fireman by the Mayor of the town.

Do not such facts as these speak for a man with no uncertain voice? And yet some there are who call "Dagonet" cynical! And in a measure he has himself to blame for being thus misunderstood. In truth, at times he does affect an almost sneering tone towards his fellows which might well deceive the superficial listener. But it is only affected, affected to hide his real emotions, for, like many another large-hearted man, "Dagonet" possesses that peculiar reticence which makes him almost ashamed of showing the inner side of his nature to the world. Certainly, not the least lovable trait in his character is his affection for his pets. And there is a touch of pathos about it all: a pathos which sometimes makes itself felt in the midst of his brightest saying, his wittiest paragraph. His is the laughter which was ever akin to tears.

JOURNALS AND JOURNALISTS OF TO-DAY.

XLIII.—THE "REFEREE" AND MR. RICHARD BUTLER.

I do not pretend to be the man who always knew when it was Sunday because he read the *Referee*. In the first place, I suspect that he is stolen from the story of the musical officer who recognised the tune of "God Save the Queen" because people took off their hats; in the second is the inharmonious fact that, in the season when litigants are restful and dramatic critics are at peace, I generally go abroad, and my *Referee* reaches me on Monday or Tuesday? Yet I may say that, for many years past, reading the *Referee* has been as regular a habit with me as making inexact returns to the income-tax collector or over-eating on Christmas Day. Writing forces reflection, and I begin to ask myself why I read the *Referee*. Old age has driven me beyond personal interest in any form of sport save billiards—golf I avoid, in order to strengthen the busy man's prayer about delivery from temptation. Moreover, on the chief questions of drama, I generally find myself utterly opposed to the opinions of "Carados." Yet I read it, and received instructions to interview the paper with delight.

The *Referee* lives up a flight of stairs in St. Bride Street that is appallingly steep, fortunately short.

"You will excuse," said my old friend Richard Butler, "any appearance of tidiness; we have only just moved in from Wine Office Court, and have not had time to disarrange things yet."

"You are the editor, aren't you?"

"Yes, Mr. *Sketch*; editor and manager, and I am pretty busy all the time. Holidays? Two or three days at a time, rarely. What do you think of the alterations in the paper?"

"Since they merely consist in giving the old *Referee* on better paper, in clearer type, and on a larger scale, I have nothing but admiration, and I am sure every reader will agree with me."

"You are so far right that our circulation has increased since the enlargement. What's our Ideal? Have we got one?" he asked, turning to Mr. Henry Chance-Newton, one of the most popular of journalists, who was writing in the room busily. "I don't know that we have an Ideal; we don't even expect to set the world right. We simply try to interest and amuse all who take an interest in the subjects within our purview by giving facts accurately and opinions honestly. We are equally strong in getting true advance information and attacking what we think unclean in sport or drama. We believe that we have done good. Why, I consider that the paper's libel action with Villiers did a great deal towards purifying the music-hall stage, and rendering its recent apotheosis possible. Oh, no! we are not on the side of the prudes, though we demand decency."

"I want to know a little of the history of the paper. The late Mr. Henry Sampson founded it, I believe, and was 'Pendragon' for many years?"

"Yes, he started the paper on Aug. 19, 1877. He was then writing a sporting article, signed 'Pendragon,' in Ashton Dilke's paper, the *Weekly Despatch*. A very good man, Dilke: a Liberal in politics, whose private life fully bore out the principles suggested by the word. He was keen on boat-racing and other sport. Sampson persuaded Dilke to join him in starting the paper, which at once obtained a circulation of twenty thousand from 'Pendragon's' personal following on the *Despatch*. Sampson was at this time the editor of *Fun*, and G. R. Sims was his chief contributor. Sims was also doing 'Waifs and Strays' on the *Despatch*. Newton and I wrote for *Fun* under Sampson's editorship. We all joined the new paper, and are all here now, except poor Sampson. At the end of the first year I was established as sub-editor of the paper—"

"And it began to boom?"

"Yes, but I suggest it as a *post hoc*, and not a *propter hoc*. One must



MR. RICHARD BUTLER.

Photo by Martin and Sallnoor, Strand, W.C.



MR. H. CHANCE-NEWTON.

Photo by Martin and Sallnoor, Strand, W.C.

seem modest to an interviewer. Since then we have gone steadily ahead. No, we don't go by leaps or hop-skip-and-jump, but each year shows substantial progress. Yes, we have gained a large number of readers by our recent improvements, which, however, are only an instalment of the good things we mean to add."

"Will you tell me who are your writers? Of course, I know that Mr. G. R. Sims is the 'Dagonet' of 'Mustard and Cress'; everyone knows that; but who is or are 'Carados'?"

I'm aware that Mr. G. Spencer Edwards, whose portrait we lately published in an article called 'Dodges of Deadheads,' for some time was the 'Carados,' and that now Mr. Henry Chance-Newton and my old friend, Mr. Edward Morton, are part of 'Carados.'"

"Well, you may add that Mr. Frost does the musical part, and, of course, I take a hand too. The 'Sporting Notions' of the first columns are written by Mr. Martin Cobbett, who is a good sportsman, a good fellow, and a humorist, withal. But he has an invincible objection to being photographed. 'Our Handbook' is the work of Mr. J. F. Nisbet, an accomplished journalist, who is famous as the author of 'The Insanity of Genius.'"

"Then what did Sampson write?"

"He used to do the 'Sporting Notions,' which were signed 'Pendragon,' and the leader, but his personal influence was evident in every part of the paper; in 1886 he went away for a six months' holiday to Australia and America, so Mr. Cobbett took the 'Sporting Notions.' Sampson then contributed articles concerning his travels, under the heading of 'Pendragon's Handbook.' When he started for Australia he left his paper in my charge."

"And the paper?"

"The departure," observed Mr. Newton, "was like the curse in 'The Jackdaw of Rheims': the paper wasn't a penny the worse—in fact, it made more than its usual progress, which proves that—"

"Which proves nothing," interrupted my subject; "but, in fact, the circulation had gone up five thousand a-week during his absence."

"I have noticed, by the way, in your 'Answers to Correspondents,' a sort of monotony common to most newspapers, that I hardly understand unless—"

"Well, they're genuine, which is not the case in all papers." He got up, and fished a small book out of a cupboard, "In here are set out and classified all the questions we have received, and the answers; and I may tell you that nowadays we rarely have to add to the book. There seems a curious monotony of curiosity—now, don't you go away and send in some puzzlers out of malice. We take unstinted pains to be accurate in our answers. In fact, the keynote of the paper is accuracy. You can hardly guess the trouble we take to make our theatrical prophecies correct. We don't play the game of starting baseless rumours one week and correcting them the next. Moreover, although plain speaking is our strong point, we keep—as proper as possible."

"I know you speak plainly—for instance, about Ibsen."

The two men got up and looked at one another. "There's a fine in this office for pronouncing the name; but, as a visitor, you are exempt. If Morton were here, we would leave you and him—for we know your opinions—to discuss for a few hours, and, afterwards, you might try to convince him that his crusade against first-night speeches may degenerate into a deadly monomania."

"Well, if it isn't to be Ibsen, I should like to talk about 'Richard Henry,' and learn something about the distinguished dramatic duo."

"I presume you are not 'getting at us,'" replied Mr. Butler. "At any rate, let me mention to you that, in *The Sketch* of April 18, 1894, appeared portraits and biographies of Newton and myself, and we have not done anything very startling since."

A. B.



MR. J. F. NISBET.

Photo by Lombardi and Co., Pall Mall East, S.W.



MR. E. A. MORTON.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

I am not prepared to say what "White Wampum" means, but it is the title of a book of verse by Miss Pauline Johnson, lately issued from the Bodley Head. The subjects are mostly Indian, in praise of the red-man and of his country. One gathers that Miss Johnson lives in Canada, and has an intimate knowledge of the fast-dying race. Her poems sing their virtues and heroism in a sympathetic fashion, but, though possibly this poetess knows a great deal more about the red-skins at first-hand than did Longfellow, she describes them in a far more outside fashion than he. In the verses with human subjects, there is none of the strange fascination that creeps on us as we read "Hiawatha." Not that her point of view is more prosaic, but only that her art is less. In Nature poetry she is better skilled. Longfellow and Whittier have done more for the red-man she loves and champions. But she is a pretty poet, all the same, when she sings of the land he lives in, and still more when she tries to utter the dreams that lie about her there—

O! pathless world of seeming!
O! pathless life of mine whose deep ideal
Is more my own than ever was the real!
For others fame
And Love's red flame,
And yellow gold: I only claim
The shadows and the dreaming.

She knows how to rouse in us a longing for a sight of the great prairies as she sings of "The Happy Hunting-Grounds"—

World of the bison's freedom, home of the Indian's soul.

Four good stories for four altogether different hours: Mr. Stockton's "Adventures of Captain Horn" (Cassell); Mr. Norris's "Billy Bellew" (Chatto); Mr. Christie Murray's "Martyred Fool" (Smith, Elder); and Mrs. Sharp's "At the Relton Arms" (Lane). The first is adventure pure and simple—shipwreck, treasure-hunting, treasure-keeping, and, after a due amount of danger and hardship, treasure-enjoying in a comfortable, substantial, and happily commonplace way. The treasure is long-buried gold of the Incas, and the mere mention of that name is enticement enough for him in whom the boy has not all died.

Mr. Murray's is adventurous, too. He takes us among Australian Colonists and Paris Anarchists, and keeps us moving about in a whirl of excitement. But his is a serious story, and its main object—to show the development of an Anarchist in the soul of a virtuous but unhappy young man—is cleverly carried out.

Mr. Norris is pleasant, as usual, and exceptionally pathetic. After reading his "Billy Bellew," the most serious-minded may walk St. James's with a little more respect for the faultlessly attired and brainless young idlers whose hardest business seems to be climbing up and down the steps of the clubs. For Billy was just such a well-dressed, brainless fool, and yet he had the temper and the guilelessness of an angel out of heaven. Mr. Norris had to kill him out of a world that wounded him sorely, though Billy had neither the brains nor the bitterness to complain of his treatment. He is not over-sentimentally conceived; and so we accept him as he is given us, heave a sigh over his memory, and feel kindly to his understanding friend, Mr. Norris.

Mrs. Sharp brings us back to the present hour. Not that any of the others play in the past: only capricious ladies, who can't make up their minds about their own marriage-affairs, and fickle heroes, who are continually tempted to love outside their own homes, are favourites of the minute. And they figure in "At the Relton Arms." But the book is neither sickly nor weakly imitative, nor does it wax sentimental over imaginary soul difficulties. It is written briskly, and with some humour, and, in point of healthiness, compares favourably with almost any other of the volumes in the "Keynotes Series."

"An Education," by Frederic Carrel (W. Scott), is one of the painstaking novels of the day. It is written very soberly, with an anxious avoidance of exaggeration, and in sentences of a length warranted not to cause syntactical confusion in any mind. It is a fatiguing thing for a reader to have his apprehension so well guarded—about as exhilarating as a return to the atmosphere of the schoolroom would be to emancipated youth. But there is good stuff in Mr. Carrel, if he does make that fatal mistake of confounding solemnity and seriousness. It is however, to other critics I am indebted for light on the purpose of his book. "An Education," I am given to believe, is a counterblast to some recent works of fiction which have been exponents of the anti-marriage views we hear of so much to-day. May-be. I feel sure it has a purpose—cannot conceive Mr. Carrel writing without one, in fact. As I read it, it is the story of a young woman brought up far from crowds and frivolities, educated mostly on science by an extremely theoretical father. She becomes his secretary and amanuensis for his work on the great future of the race, a work which he, not unintelligently perhaps, throws into the sea before his death. Left alone, she marries an honest sailor of somewhat inferior station, and never has time to recover from surprise at her action before he, too, dies. She does, in apparently a very ordinary way, all the ordinary things that fall to the lot of the ordinary woman, but her astonishment at the fact is very extraordinary. This attitude strikes me as quite as funny as that of the novel where the heroine, of quite unproven genius and altogether visible fatuity, defies the cramping bonds of matrimony, and craves for freedom to develop herself. But there are readers who will like Mr. Carrel and his very solar novel, just as there are others to whom it will give an appetite for "The Mysteries of Udolpho" and all that is flamboyant in fiction.—o. o.

LITTLE DICK: "Miss Mamie is awful shy, isn't she?"

LITTLE DOT: "Why?"

LITTLE DICK: "She has most of her clothes made just like men's, so men won't get in love with her."

POST OFFICE PROGRESS.

The rapid growth and wide expansion of our postal system are great facts about which we are often reminded. The new branches of work undertaken by the Post Office, and the large number of new buildings erected in connection therewith, are undeniable marks of a substantial progress to



HALL IN THE NEW POST OFFICE, 1834.

which the recent extension of premises at St. Martin's-le-Grand gives particular emphasis. The proportions to which the business of this great Government department has now reached are so gigantic that the institution, as one of its prominent officials recently declared, may be said to be a carrier, a banker, and a telegraphist on the largest scale known.

It is well known that some systems of posts for the conveyance of royal messages and State documents have been in existence from a very

early period of history. Some believe, indeed, that the idea was introduced by Cyrus the Elder, King of Persia, between five and six hundred years before Christ. But, as a matter of fact, the Post Office as a popular institution, distinct from the system of royal couriers, is, to a large extent, the growth of the last half-century, the introduction of universal penny inland postage in 1840 having laid the foundation of its greatness and success.

Among the earliest instructions for the regulation of the posts of which records exist are certain proclamations which were issued during the reign of Queen Elizabeth. According to these rules, every "post"



MEDAL BY WYON, DESIGNED TO COMMEMORATE THE QUEEN'S VISIT TO THE CITY OF LONDON, 1837.

The first adhesive penny stamp bore the same portrait of her Majesty.

was required to keep, and have constantly ready, two horses at least, with suitable furniture. He was also to have at least two bags of leather, well lined with baize or cotton, and a horn to blow whenever he met company on his journey, or four times in every mile.

Having received a packet containing matters relating to royal or State affairs, the postman was to travel in summer at the rate of five miles, and in winter at the rate of seven miles, an hour. Ordinary



THE NEW ADDITION TO THE POST OFFICE, ST. MARTIN'S-LE-GRAND.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MESSRS. RUSSELL AND SONS, BAKER STREET, W.

letters from private individuals were required to be forwarded as opportunities might arise, but the post was not bound to go for the purpose of conveying them. Yet, it is interesting to note that letters, other than



CARICATURE OF THE MULREADY ENVELOPE.

State letters, although deemed but of secondary importance, were, at that early date, a recognised institution, and the conveyance of them from place to place formed a part of the regular duty of the posts.

Until the time of Henry VIII., or perhaps a little earlier, there was

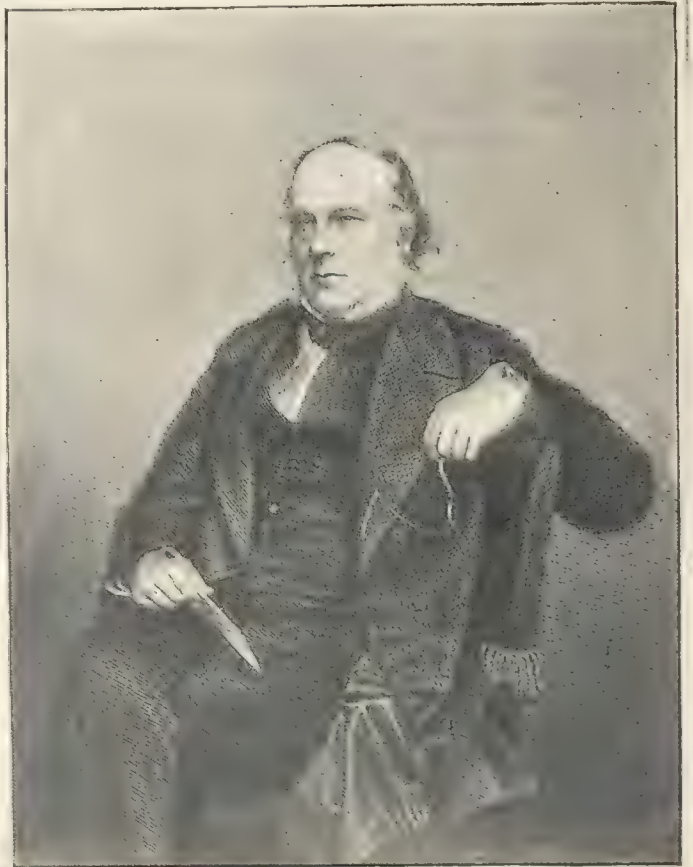


WEST FRONT OF THE LONDON POST OFFICE, ABOUT 1850.

no regular system of posts in England, and there is reason to think that these were at first for the exclusive use of the Sovereign. Before that time, only letters to or from the Court, and on affairs of State, were sent by special messengers employed for the particular occasion.

Regular series of posts, where relays of horses were kept along the chief roads of the kingdom, were established for two distinct purposes. The carrying of royal messages and State papers was one, the conveyance of persons travelling upon their Sovereign's concerns, although not bearers of documents, was another. Thus the history of letter-posts became, and long remained, closely associated with that of travelling.

In its early days, the progress of our postal service was slow. At the beginning of the seventeenth century, for instance, there were only four established posts in existence—namely, those to Scotland, Ireland, Plymouth, and Dover. The last-named, on account of its being the



SIR ROWLAND HILL.

high-road to the Continent, was by far the most important, and it is not remarkable, therefore, that the first notice of English posts and stages to be met with is a proclamation of Philip and Mary, entitled, "Ordinances devised by the King and Queene's Maesties for thordre of the Postes and Hacqueny Men betweene London and Douer," 1558.

In the wonderful diversities and intricacies of the business belonging to the Post Office of our own times, it is only natural that the original forms and meanings of the various terms employed should have become forgotten. Strictly speaking, "post" means a fixed or set place, but in time it came to be specially used of a place where horses were kept. From this restricted beginning the meaning naturally became expanded, and thus it came to mean the place where anything is stopped, placed.



AN OLD-FASHIONED POSTMAN.

Frontispiece of the "Old-Fashioned Postman," by "A Postage Stamp, Esq."



A POSTMAN OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.



A POSTMAN.

Frontispiece of a song, "The Postman's Knock."

or fixed, and the term was soon applied to the messengers who travelled from station to station.

The terms "post-chaise," "post-boy," "postillion," &c., still linger among us as interesting souvenirs of the old-fashioned methods of postal delivery. Early in the last century, the postman announced his



MAIL-COACH, ABOUT 1812.

approach by blowing a horn or by ringing a bell. He carried a bag on his arm, for the collection of letters in rural and outlying districts.

Samuel Taylor Coleridge used to tell a good story about the old system of paying for the carriage of letters on delivery. "One day, when I had not a shilling which I could spare," he said, "I was passing by a cottage not far from Keswick, where a letter-carrier was demanding a shilling for a letter, which the woman of the house appeared unwilling

death. Steam has annihilated the old mail-coach, and the introduction of adhesive postage-stamps has done more than any other invention to increase the usefulness and scope of our postal system. The original sketch for the postage-stamp bore the Queen's head and the legend, "Post Office—One Penny—Half-ounce." The head of the Queen on the



THE BULL AND MOUTH INN, 1822.

Removed to make room for the General Post Office.

penny embossed stamp was copied from Wyon's medal, struck in commemoration of her Majesty's visit to the City of London in November, 1837.

The General Post Office was not originally situated at St. Martin's-le-Grand. A letter-office in connection with the principal mails was established in 1635. In 1656 the Long Parliament passed an Act ordering the erection of a central General Office.



THE GENERAL POST OFFICE IN LOMBARD STREET, 1710.

to pay, and, at last, declined to take. I paid the postage, and, when the man was out of sight, she told me that the letter was from her son, who took that means of letting her know that he was well; the letter was not to be paid for. It was opened, and found to be blank."

Many of the old customs associated with the collection and conveyance of letters were, however, destroyed when penny postage was introduced. The old bellman was no longer required, and died a natural



THE GENERAL POST OFFICE, ABOUT 1854.

At the commencement of the last century the General Post Office was situated in Cloak Lane, near Dowgate. It was afterwards transferred to Bishopsgate Street, and, subsequently, to Lombard Street. In 1815 a spot at the junction of Newgate Street and St. Martin's-le-Grand was selected, and the first stone of the new building was laid in 1821. The buildings to the west of the last-named street were opened in 1873, and thus, by rapid steps, the office has grown to its present enormous proportions.



THE POST OFFICE, 1890.—ROWLANDSON.



THE POST OFFICE, 1864.

"A SEASIDE MEMORY OF A GREAT ACTOR."

I wonder how many—or perhaps, I should say how few—of the people who annually visit that pleasant little Sussex watering-place, Worthing, visitors who take their dramatic and musical pleasure at the new Assembly Rooms in Bath Place, where the Duke of Connaught was recently entertained at a Masonic lunch, are aware that in the older portion of that remarkably clean little town there once flourished a temple entirely devoted to the service of Thespis, much beloved and patronised



FRONT OF THE OLD THEATRE, WORTHING.

Photo by W. C. Bristow, Worthing.

by a former generation of playgoers. Yet that building still exists, though devoted to the baser uses of a provision warehouse, from which the excellent rashers, the prime country butter, the harmless necessary sugar, and the cheering but non-intoxicating tea are purveyed to the said visitors by one of the oldest-established and largest firms in the once again flourishing town. In Ann Street, an ancient thoroughfare at the back of the Town Hall, the front of the old theatre, with its bust of William Shakspeare, still remains unaltered, despite the many changes of the last half-century. Doubtless the time-honoured atmosphere of sock and buskin still lingers about the place, the pungent aroma of peppers and spices notwithstanding, for the boards of that stage were trod for a brief season by the feet of the celebrated actor Samuel Phelps. It was in the summer of 1836 that the artist, then, I believe, unknown to the Metropolis, went to Worthing from Scotland with a company of players, and rejoiced the hearts of the Worthingites with a round of fine impersonations. Here Phelps appeared as Hamlet, Brutus, and Viginus, as Macbeth and William Tell; here he played in "The Hunchback" and "The Wife," and in "Black-eyed Susan," not to mention the part of Jeremy Diddler in "Raising the Wind"; and here that prototype of Henry Irving, the world-famous actor-manager Maeready, came one fateful evening to see the artist of whom he had heard such excellent reports. So delighted was Maeready with the performance of the man who in after days was to be his successor in "the legitimate" on the London stage, and who at a future time he declared to be "the best Shaksperian actor and scholar of his day," that he at once engaged Phelps to play Macduff for a lengthened period, and no great time elapsed ere the embryo manager of Sadler's Wells was seen with Maeready at Covent Garden, where his Macduff created a most favourable impression. During that visit, which Phelps made memorable to many a Sussex playgoer, he was not only the admiration of the Worthing townsfolk, but won their esteem and affection, and some of those who appreciated the artist and loved the man still live to sing his praises.

It was from one of these friends of Phelps's early days—a veteran, I am glad to say, still hale and hearty in his native town—that I heard of Phelps's Worthing season. From him, too, I heard of pleasant home evenings, when the great actor (most modest, most reticent of men) was persuaded to emerge from his shell and delight his acquaintance with his rendering of some dramatic masterpiece; of delightful walks—the actor was a famous pedestrian—through Sussex copses and across Sussex downs; of sunrises witnessed over the misty Channel, and sunsets viewed over blazing western heights.

Samuel Phelps doted on ancient architecture, and loved to visit those quaint old churches that nestle in many a hamlet of southern Sussex. On one occasion such a walk bore fruit theatrical in after years. It was to the beautiful little Norman Church of Steyning that my friend then "personally conducted" Phelps. Past the spur of the great down on which now stands Lancing College, "plain for all eyes to see," the pair wended their way—a way lightened by the conversation of the actor, who during such rambles was a talker worthy to be listened to—past the Saxon churches of Combe and St. Botolph's, till Steyning itself was reached, and the Norman architecture, which the Sussex man had so highly vaunted, met the delighted eye of the actor. So impressed was Phelps by that glorious Norman work that, at a later date, when he had become his own manager, he sent down his scene-painter to make sketches, and the Steyning Arches formed a fine background to one scene in his production of "Richard the Third." I cannot learn that Phelps ever played at Worthing in his palmier days; but I know that he remembered the place and people with affection, and welcomed his old friends from Sussex to his London theatre with warmth and enthusiasm.

Before I leave this subject I must record an excellent *bon-mot*, made by the senior partner of that firm who purchased the old Worthing theatre and converted it to its present use. My friend had remonstrated with this gentleman—half in earnest, half in jest—on the desecration of which he had been guilty. "Well," replied the delinquent, "you have Shakspeare in front, and Bacon behind, and what more can an Englishman want?"

W. C. F.

A PHASE OF PRISON REFORM.

Trial Bay Prison, on the northern coast of New South Wales, is an experiment in prison reform which is unparalleled elsewhere. It is situated on the shores of the Pacific Ocean, about 270 miles north from Sydney, and within thirty miles of the town of Kempsey. Attached to the jail is a reserve of one hundred acres. On Sundays and holidays the prisoners are allowed to roam over this reserve, under the supervision of three mounted warders only. As parts of the reserve are thickly wooded, and there are no fences or walls around, escape would be comparatively easy were it desired. So far, only half-a-dozen men have attempted to gain their liberty by flight.

Long-sentence prisoners, who have been of good conduct in stricter jails, are sent to Trial Bay to serve the end of their term—some for twelve months, others for two years. Usually there are from ninety to one hundred and thirty prisoners in the jail. Twenty or so are retained as servants of the institution, the remainder being set to work on the construction of a huge breakwater at one corner of the bay. The latter, while at work, are under the supervision of Mr. Brownrigg, of the Harbours and Rivers Department, who is in no way connected with the prison. None of the prisoners wear convict garb, and a visitor to the jail will see naught but a number of cleanly attired workmen and a few uniformed warders. All the men are paid wages—sixpence per diem for the first eight months, one shilling for the second, and one shilling and sixpence for the remainder of the term, subject, of course, to good conduct. Of this money the prisoners are allowed to spend up to two-thirds in personal luxuries or comforts, or to send it to their wives or children; one-third is retained, to be handed to them on their release. The men may procure anything they desire except spirits and certain newspapers. Tobacco in all its shapes is allowed.

A few of the prisoners sleep in the ordinary cells, but a number of them have their homes in a series of huts within the jail walls. Both cells and huts are furnished for comfort, and many are extravagantly decorated with pictures and "hangings." In the huts, four to six men sleep together, the room being furnished with a central table, at which the prisoners may read o' nights, until it is time to turn in. For recreation, the men are allowed to fish, bathe, indulge in indoor or outdoor games, read, as they will. The desire, in short, is to re-create in the prisoner industrial habits and to rekindle self-respect.—R. DE S.



TRIAL BAY PRISON.

THE BOOK AND ITS STORY.

A JORUM OF "PUNCH."*

"The circumstances that led to Mr. Punch's birth, and the surroundings under which he first saw the light, have been obscured by such a farrago of fiction embroidered on to such a filament of fact, that the little jester's begetting has come to be regarded as a literary enigma as difficult to solve as the personage responsible for the Letters of Junius." It is thus that Mr. Athol Mayhew begins his version of the story of the beginnings of *Punch*, a periodical that is familiarised and endeared to us by the quips and cranks of fifty years. It is curious that such misconceptions should exist about the beginnings of a paper little more than half a century old; and yet that they do exist, and have long existed, is obvious from the statements made from time to time in the public press. Many of these statements have their origin in a not too reliable brochure on "Mr. Punch: his Origin and Career," published anonymously a quarter of a century ago, and still occasionally to be picked up at second-hand bookstalls. *Punch*, we are told by one "authority," was born in a public-house; he was first thought of by Last, the printer, by Mark Lemon, by Henry Mayhew; he had no editor, he had one editor, two editors, three editors; Henry Mayhew was the original editor, Mark Lemon was the original editor, these two were joint editors—all these bewilderingly contradictory statements have been made by different "authorities." Such moldering conflict of testimony is enough to make an average man somewhat doubtful of everything that he reads upon the subject of the origin of our familiar hunchbacked friend. The full, true, and particular "History" of *Punch*, compiled from official documents, has yet to come, and, in the fulness of time, Mr. Spielmann will, no doubt, have it ready for us.

Meanwhile, we have an eminently readable and thoroughly entertaining volume on the subject presented to us in "A Jorum of *Punch*." Mr. Athol Mayhew's book is not, however, a history of the paper, but rather a gossip story of its inception and early life, based upon the written and spoken testimony of his father, Henry Mayhew, "projector, part proprietor, and first editor of *Punch*." Henry Mayhew is not only to be remembered as the originator of *Punch* and one of the clever "Brothers Mayhew," but, as the author of a monumental work on "London Labour and the London Poor," he was the pioneer who showed the way into a field of social research in which later explorers have reaped both fame and profit. It is not, however, with Henry Mayhew, the experimental philosopher and explorer in the "Great World of London," but with Henry Mayhew of *Punch* that we are here concerned. In 1835 we learn that he was in Paris with such congenial company as Douglas Jerrold, W. M. Thackeray, and John Barnett, the composer, when it first occurred to him that a London equivalent to the *Charivari* of the Boulevards might prove a profitable venture. For some time no opportunity occurred for practically testing the idea, and it was six years later before the *London Charivari* made its appearance. The immediate cause of its production, then, appears to have been the decease of the *Cosmorama*, a journal to which Mayhew was a constant contributor. On the stoppage of this journal, Mayhew at once revived his idea of a London *Charivari*. He was intimately acquainted with many of the leading young writers of light literature, and had soon got together a brilliant list of would-be contributors. Mr. Johnson, of the Nassau Press, objected to having anything to do with the new paper; and Mr. Joseph Last, the printer of the defunct journal, was approached, and expressed his willingness to undertake his share in the new venture; a third responsible proprietor was found in Mr. Ebenezer Landells, the wood-engraver.

At length the eventful day of publication arrived, and, on July 17, 1841, *Punch*, or the *London Charivari*, was in the hands of the public. There had been some hesitation over the final adoption of the title when it was recollected that Douglas Jerrold had started a *Punch* in London ten years earlier, but Jerrold had no objection to a re-use of the name, and *Punch* the new periodical was called. The paper made something of

a "hit" from the first, but the proprietors were not, financially speaking, strong men, and, when it was but a few months old, they disposed of it to Messrs. Bradbury and Evans. The paper was not very much then *in esse*, although a valuable property *in posse*, as events have shown. The three proprietors did not reap much by their speculation, as may be gathered from Henry Mayhew's own words—

To me *Punch* was always a labour of love, and certainly never proved a source of profit; for, after planning and arranging the entire work, selecting the whole of the old staff of contributors, and having edited it for the first six months of its career without having received a single farthing for my pains, it so happened that, when those who started it were obliged to sell their bantling to Bradbury and Evans, on the payment of all the debts connected with the production of the work, there remained a clear surplus of seven and sixpence to be divided among the three original proprietors, of which the munificent sum of half-a-crown fell to my share."

In this passage Henry Mayhew explicitly speaks of himself as first editor of the "cleanly comic," and, in the preface to one of his books, published about the end of the 'forties, he also refers to the same fact.

Those readers who are curious in this matter will find in this small volume a very clear case stated on his father's behalf by Mr. Athol Mayhew.

The dispute which has arisen need, however, hold us no longer. Let us, rather, glance through the pages at some of the views given us of many of the men whose work went largely to the "making of *Punch*." Douglas Jerrold and Thackeray, we have seen, were in Paris with Mayhew when he first conceived the notion of *Punch*; both of them became constant contributors. Gilbert à Beckett, "Ponny" Mayhew, Kenny Meadows, and many more, writers and illustrators, are introduced to us, and of many of them Mr. Athol Mayhew has new anecdotes to tell. We are not of those who consider that the whole duty of a reviewer is to "pick out all the plums" from the work in hand, yet we cannot lay "A Jorum of *Punch*" aside without giving our readers a taste of its quality in the following anecdote, told by John Barnett—

I was once at a certain music-seller's, with a newly written composition in hand, which I had just disposed of to the publisher. To us enter one Dr. Carnaby, an organist of respectable abilities, but an inveterate sceptic as to the merits of English composers. The publisher, who was well aware of the new-comer's foible, slyly tipped me the wink as he said, "Doctor, what do you think? Mr. Barnett, here, has just discovered and arranged to new words an obscure, in fact, an almost unknown, piece of Mozart's." "Ha! indeed!" exclaimed the Doctor, smacking his lips; "something very choice, no doubt; let's hear it—play it over for me, will you?"

Sitting down at the piano, I played and sang the composition. "Beautiful! no mistaking that! it's Mozart all over!" cried Carnaby. And when the deceit was explained to him, he was content to shake his head, and to remark that "It was not so bad for Barnett; not at all bad—for Barnett!"—WALTER JERROLD.

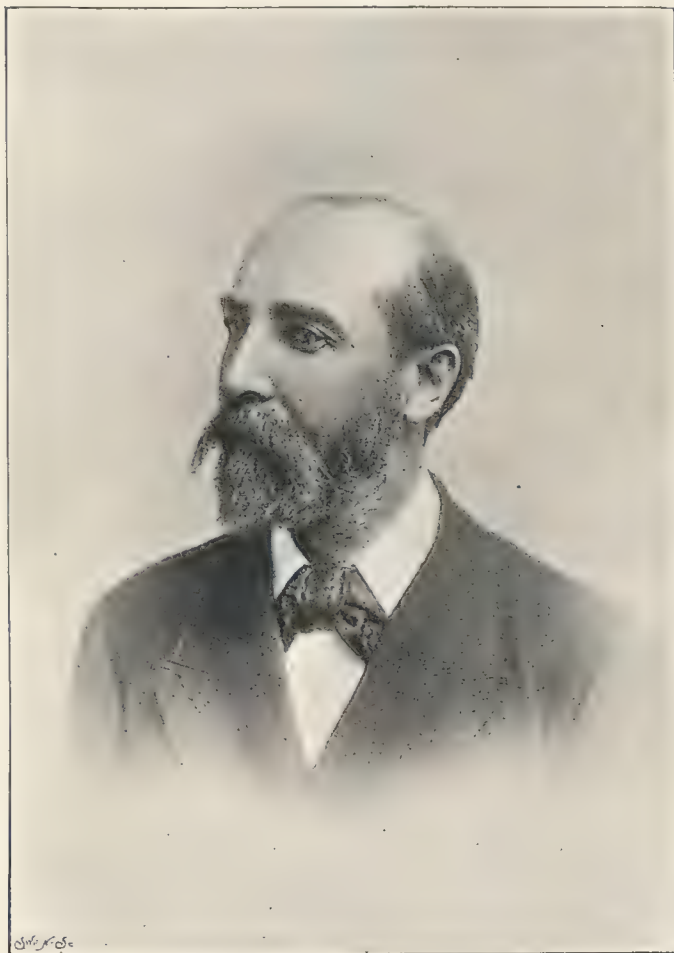
LOVE IN A HOSPITAL.

That brown-eyed nurse with wavy hair
And voice just like the voice of June,
Is false to me—she's false, I swear!
And fickle as the changeful moon.

She lays her velvet hand on me
And smiles and talks so softly sweet,
And makes me thrill, and seems to be
So pained that I'm not on my feet;

And then when I'm on fire for her,
And strive love's impulse to resist,
She thrusts a glass thermometer
Into my mouth, and feels my wrist.

Then scores she down upon the chart
A rising fever; though I'm sure
'Tis wrong that she who steals my heart
Should likewise take my temperature!—Judge.



MR. ATHOL MAYHEW.

Photo by May and Co., Brixton Road, S.W.

THE RISE OF BOSNIA.

II.—ROUND THE TOWN.

Serajevo, the capital of Bosnia, as the guide-book does not tell one, is a beautiful city to live out of in July. I had not been in it many hours before a young Austrian amply demonstrated to me its hygienic qualities. "Look here," said he, "people talk about this place as though it were unhealthy. Why, I've been here a week, and have not caught a fever." I assured him that no further proof was necessary, and he pledged himself to eternal affection for me.

As a matter of fact, it would be unjust as well as untrue to deny the natural picturesqueness of this morsel of the true East driven westward to the confines of civilisation by some wind of ethnological chance. Bounded by huge hills, upon the summit of whose loftiest peak there rests the fortress, finely placed above a magnificent gorge, the whole city bristles with spires and domes and picturesque towers; it glows in the sun as a city of marble; it is green with luxuriant gardens; alive with the turmoil of its factories and bazaars; spread abroad with villas dotting the hillside; split asunder by the waters of its trout-abounding river. Nor would the unguided visitor be very ready to accept the statement that it possesses scarcely thirty thousand inhabitants, so wide are its limits and so far asunder its boundaries. Here, indeed, Turk and Christian, Greek and Roman, Jew and Heathen, jostle one another in perfect amity. The hand of Austria is seen at every turn, in the schools, in the railways, in the public buildings, in the streets. Though the servant of the Koran may worship nothing but dirt, though the native Bosnian may hold that civilisation plus taxes and the conscription is less lovable than barbarism plus backsheesh and a carpet to squat upon, the propagation of the faith in M. de Kallay and in soap is pushed most vigorously; yet, withal, the stamp of the East is upon Serajevo; nor will it be otherwise for many generations. You have only to turn from the "*la Franje Josipa ulit-a*" to the Grand Bazaar, and the Orient in London arises before you. Multi-coloured jerkins, coats of yellow, of red, of blue; coats slashed with gold embroidery, vests sewn over with silver work; women in comic-opera dresses; courtly Mohammedans, standing with immobile faces; beauty veiled closely in white—all these are yours to see. The little open shops, where the silver and the gold, the carpets and the rugs, the coffee-pots and the fezzes, lure the paper gulden from you, are set against one another as thick as trees in a plantation. There is no noise, no sound of haggling. The long-suffering donkey, loaded to twice his height, waits the pleasure of his long-suffering master with a patience which is exemplary. If you wish to buy, you pick up an article and put down some money—just as much as you feel disposed to spend. Price is no factor in the bargain. For that which the native Bosnian demands two pounds ten shillings you will give one-and-eightpence, and leave the man happy upon his hams. Were you rash enough to pay more than a tenth of the sum demanded from you, an *émeute*, at least, would reward your folly. For thus is all trade in this land of no trade, in this city where commerce is but beginning to drag the Turk from his carpet, the small boy from his gutter, at the bidding of the genius of M. de Kallay, the one Minister who has made Bosnia a name to Western Europe.

I have hinted in my opening remark that Serajevo is not absolutely to be recommended as a health-resort in July. The truth is that the profession of sanitary engineer is not yet a remunerative one so far as the city is concerned, and there are moments as you drive through the streets when you cry aloud for eau-de-Cologne, and feel to see if the cubic-inch of camphor is yet reposing in the pocket near your heart. It was this fact which led me to take up my quarters not in the

capital, but at its Versailles, distant from the city about a twenty minutes' journey. This iota of a town, Ilidze, is situated among the mountains, pleasantly and verdurously, and is described as chiefly remarkable for its baths and three Government hotels. This is not altogether accurate. Ilidze is remarkable before all things for an inspector of hotels who is without rival in the universe. "Herr Bitte," we christened him, though that was not the name which his godfather and godmother gave him in his baptism. A better-hearted man never lived. It was "Herr Bitte's" misfortune, however, invariably to flurry himself. At eight o'clock in the evening he would remember that he had forgotten to order dinner for seven o'clock, and his energy was then something wonderful to see. How many sets of quadrilles and lancers he danced round his cooks, heaven only knows! Whenever I saw him his face was running with perspiration; his silk hat was upon the back of his head; he was waving a dish of beef in his right hand; in his left he carried six long glasses of beer. From room to room he scudded, now shouting wildly so that his voice echoed from the very attics of the three Government hotels, now roaring for more "beef," now yelling

"horrah," now running back to the kitchen to perform another schottische among the *chefs*. And his memory I hold in eternal honour.

But this is a digression. We were lodged at Ilidze, as I say, and there had many opportunities for the study of native character. My first experience was upon the stairs of one of the three Government hotels, where I met a dapper little man who seemed to have come out to be studied. I addressed him, therefore, in French participles and German nouns, asking him to tell me what he thought of Austria, and how he liked the native institutions.

"Institutions bed—d!" said he; "look here, old pal, I've come to ride a hoss in the races here to-morrow, and you put your shirt on him."

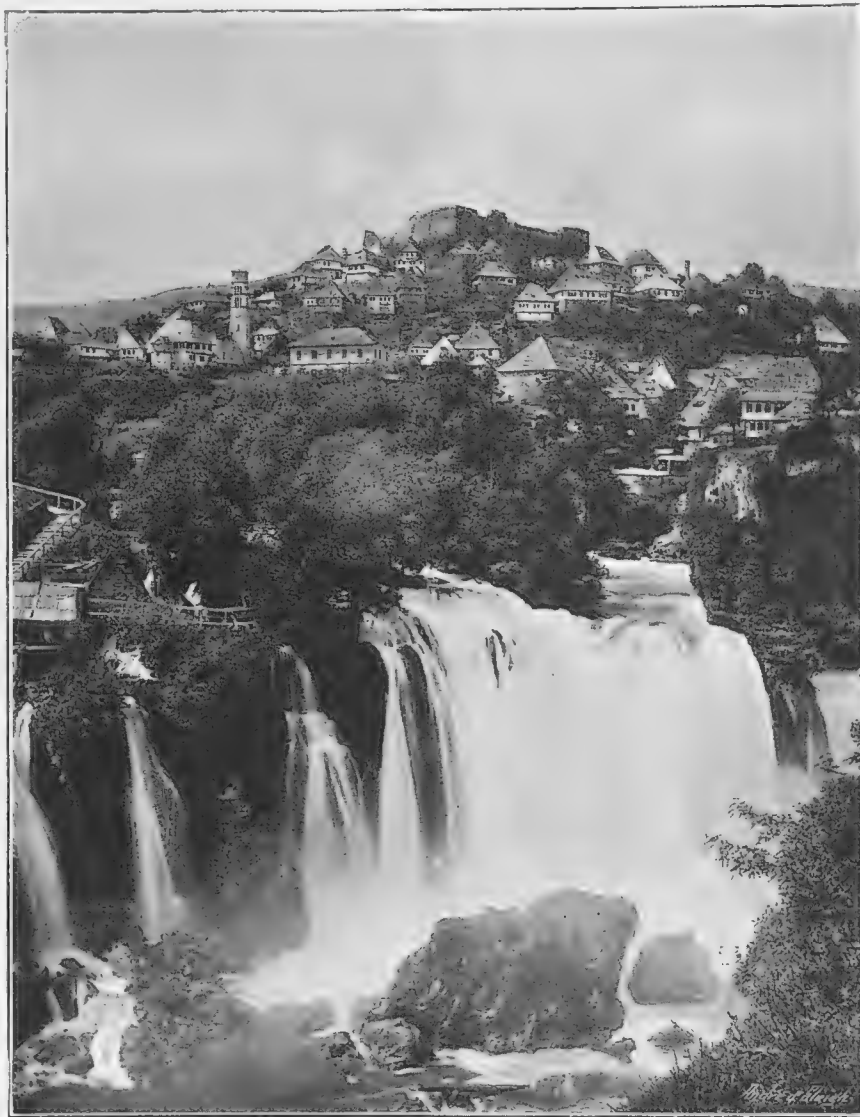
After this, I resigned any attempt to study character, but turned, rather, to the exquisitely green hills and the pretty parks of Ilidze. The racecourse, attached to the fragment of a village, is one of the very best I have ever seen. The native horses would sell in London for cobs, and would bring great prices. The horsemanship of the Hungarians is quite beyond praise, and seems a gift common to peer and to peasant. And it is the policy of M. de Kallay to foster this gift, and, in encouraging the breeder, to perpetuate in Bosnia a class of mount which is the best of its kind in Europe.

But not only is Ilidze famous for its racecourse.

There are also the sulphur-baths, to which all Bosnia flocks at the time of the "good old annual." Here comes the swarthy Turk, the fat trader, the portly merchant, the diplomatist, the peasant. You can lie in sulphur or swim in sulphur for a sum too ridiculous to mention. And the process is a flat contradiction to all those synonyms which consign the evil-doer to such shades. A haven, indeed, it was to flee from the sun of the three Government hotels to the sulphurous silence of the lapping baths.

Bosnia is resolved not to remain on the shelf. It was officially announced only last week that the Government has authorised an international pigeon-shooting meeting to be held at Serajevo from Sept. 8 to 23, on a scale more important than any yet organised elsewhere. Invitations have been addressed to the principal European clubs, and every arrangement will be made to render the gathering a successful and attractive one. Lord Dudley and Lord Westbury will be members of the *Comité d'Honneur*, which, in addition to the Austro-Hungarian members, will include representatives from France, Italy, and Belgium. The Chevalier E. de Horowitz will act as Government Commissary, assisted by the Baron de Pereira and Mr. Henry Moser. The sum of 50,000 francs and numerous works of art will be available for prizes, the Grand Prize consisting of 25,000 francs and a work of art. So you see that the plucky little Balkan province means to make a niche for itself among the resorts of the Continent to which the weary wanderer turns for rest and recreation.

MAX PEMBERTON.



THE FALLS AT JAJCE.

OPEN-AIR POLITICS.

Photographs by Mr. Alfred J. Padgett.

An ingenious creature some years ago styled Knightsbridge "The Isthmus of Blackguardism." Perhaps, if he had been partial to alliteration, he would have called Hyde Park Corner "The Areopagus of Anarchy." You should go there on Sunday morning! As you leave the swaggering Achilles behind and march past the Park Lane battalions



M. JAAKOFF PRELOOKER.

of flower-beds, by degrees the character of the loiterers and strollers begins to change and change. They are not so well-set-up, they are not so smart and Sunday-spoofish (spoofish, *vide* your Dickens), they are not by any means mere holiday-makers. Through glimpses of the trees in the distance you catch bits of small, languid crowds towards which all this new world seems to be hurrying. A broad-shouldered, soldierly built young man, with a stoutish small person beside him! He nods, the military-looking young person, to many acquaintances in the crowd. He is evidently a well-known character. Now he merges into and is lost in one of the groups by the park railings. Now, above the dark, bobbing heads, what is that raised in the strong sunlight? A red sunshade perchance? Nothing whatever of the kind. It is the red flag of the Social Democratic Federation. The Red Flag!—what a really dreadful idea! You put this question to the stolid constable standing by: "Are they very dreadful?" and he answers, "Oh dear! nothing of the sort. I think they've got used to open-air spouting after all these years—like people get used to oysters. They've very few rows indeed nowadays."

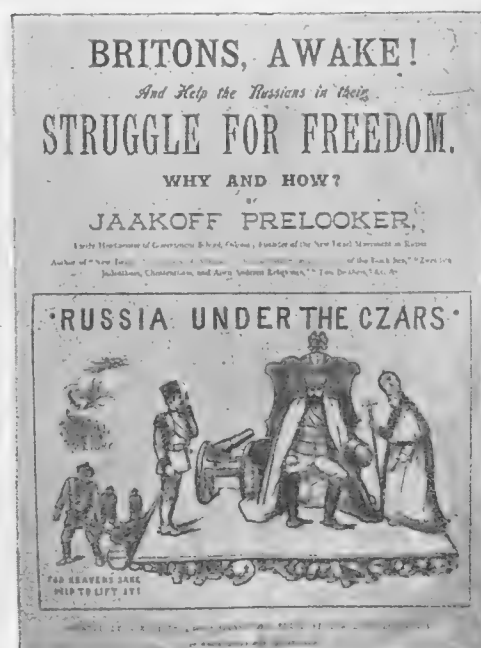
Working your way further on through the crowd, what terrible voice is that which stuns your ear? "Beer, I say beer!—eightpence off—Constitutional principles—tell me, I ask, what have they done for the working man?" The little gentleman who is thumping the shelf of the rostrum so very vehemently is neither Anarchist nor Nihilist. He is, as an energetic pamphlet-hawker tells you, "A Constitution, you know, guv'nor; one o' them Conservative open-airers." Yet, though next-door to Atheistic Communism, he and his neighbour seem to have no particular



ANYTHING YOU LIKE.—MR. PADDY CULLY.

look as if he knows what the common lodging-house is like. He is an extremely good-looking, graceful young fellow; he stands with one foot on his chair, and whenever he makes a point (and very good points they are, indeed) he emphasises it by shooting his linen—that is, by stretching out his arm and showing an expanse of shirt-cuff. A cynical, witty youth, this, with a genuine Voltairean dash about him. "I know it. And he wakes up in the morning, hopeless, hungry, friendless, and looks out of the window, and sees three yards of Scripture on the wall opposite the window. . . ." Hem! the fact stated so wittily is, perhaps, a *little* too strong for these pages. And now here is elderly gentility once more insisting that the Government must support proper religious training. A very good-looking old gentleman indeed! "Tell me this, I say; tell me this—is there a man here who can lay his hand on his heart and say honestly and truly, I do not believe, I cannot believe, I will not believe. . . . ?" Very energetic and astonishingly "wrathy," as the Yankee hath it, is this orator.

Now here is a new interest. The sunlight catches a curiously weird face, that the crowd closes in with as it surges on. None other is it than that of Toccato, the Anarchist. Ye gods and little fishes, dynamitards and *pétroleuses*! It gives one the shivers to think of it. "They says most awful things," remarks the constable; "but they're wonderful well-behaved here, anyhow. I'm always quite surprised when I hear of any of 'em busting or blowing of anything up." It is odd. Still that shrill yet not unmusical female voice? Not that of Louise Michel, surely? No; that extremely pleasant, comely gentlewoman is speaking up for the rights of the domestic servant. How they should insist upon a supplemental section to the new factory business. A very nice, motherly, kindly open-air oratress indeed. A new break in the crowd! Who is this clad in the Russian national costume—Astrachan cap, red-braided coat, high boots? A somewhat thin and plaintive, yet earnest and musical, voice, with a strong foreign accent; a refined, cultivated, earnest face. This is Professor Prelooker Umginkle, Professor of Odessa, Head-Schoolmaster of Odessa, who has come to plead his cause against Russian tyranny, and to warn the simple Briton against anything like a Russian alliance. He is earnest, sincere, and, despite his struggle with the sabre-cutting Anglo-Saxon speech, a born orator. Last scene of all to this strange, Hyde Park, open-air "mystery!" Here is the famous Paddy Cully, college-cap on head, *pince-nez* hanging from his button-hole. He can speak by the yard, well enough



A REVOLUTIONARY PAMPHLET.



FAIR AND HONEST DISCUSSION.

ill-feeling towards each other. Now the noise of the rival speakers is almost deafening—at least, to those who are accustomed to the well-bred Sleepy Hollowness of the "House." "Yes! And I tell you what: the man goes, hopeless, to sleep in the common lodging-house—you know the regular fourpenny doss business—I know it!" He doesn't in the least

for the stoneyard men of the Union, or, for the matter of that, the halls of St. Stephen. Heyday! To see him thus, one hardly knows whether to laugh or to cry. One! By Tyburn clock 'tis time for lunch and homewards. Let Hyde Park be left to itself, and let us make our way to the gate.

THE ONLY LOTTIE COLLINS.

Miss Lottie Collins is an artist in the most critical sense of the term. Her subtle appreciation of the proportionate value of expressive and repressive feeling fully warrants her "star" position, while the present crowded audiences at the Palace Theatre evidence distinctly that both gallery and stalls know full well "what they have come to see."

The tone of all Miss Collins's songs and dances is unquestionably "saucy." I admit it, and I rejoice in the fact (writes a *Sketch* representative); but I deny that they contain any idea that is suggestive, *risqué*, or vulgar—indeed, one of their special charms is that they cruise

but, of course, before the Empire, the Palace, and the Alhambra days. The Sisters Collins, as a trio, were very well known in those days. Marie, Lizzie, and I were 'all there' at the Pavilion Theatre and Lusby's, now called the Paragon. I was the eldest, and I shot up. There's a very appreciable difference in height, you know, between ten and fifteen, for that was my age when I went in for separate engagements, playing with Paul Martinetti in 'Robert Macaire,' at Lusby's. Then I did the provinces, and played in pantomime in Manchester, Nottingham, Bradford, and all the principal towns, and afterwards joined the Gaiety company in the Strand in 'Monte Cristo' days."

"You have been more than once to America, I think?"

"In all, four times; and I have the pleasantest recollections of my



MISS LOTTIE COLLINS.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY JONES AND LOTZ, SAN FRANCISCO.

round the coasts where such notions grow without ever landing. Miss Collins's voice is not a strong one, but it pleasantly fills a large hall, its delightful sweetness compensating for any lack of power, while it has been universally acknowledged, since her welcome return to London, how very much the quality of it has improved. Nor has her dancing lost anything of its *chic*, *abandon*, and *diablerie*; while her frocks—their name is legion—are quite too lovely! Altogether, Miss Lottie Collins carries everything before her nightly at the Palace. Her reappearance is as grateful as a glass of champagne of the best brand. When "off," Miss Lottie Collins can add to your interest in her by chatting most intelligently about the experiences of her career.

"I was before the public in child's socks when I first appeared, so I seem to have been ever so long on the stage," remarked the piquant Lottie, as she rattled away under her own roof-tree at Canonbury. "That was when I danced and sang at some of the music-halls in Woolwich and Gravesend. These were first-class entertainments, at that time,

visits, for the American people are very discriminating. Give them something smart and novel, and they rise to you. Perhaps they may be a little faddish; but strike their humour, and they 'go for you,' and almost spoil you with their hospitality and their enthusiasm."

"You interest me much."

"Well, I used to tour with 'The Troubadours.' It was a company of first-class variety talent, and we always played in the best theatres—better than the American music-halls where people's attention is often taken off the stage by attending to their creature comforts. We used to give operettas or musical sketches, such as 'The Devil Bird,' written by Fred Boyer, who also supplied us with a rescription of 'The Fair Equestrienne,' under the title of 'The Circus Rider,' with which poor Rosina Vokes made such a success throughout the States. 'The New Barmaid' always 'caught on' too."

"Now, I want you to tell me your version of the history of the 'Ta-ra-ra Boom-de-ay' song?"

"The origin of the song has been variously ascribed. My own opinion is that Sayers's quick ear caught the air from some of the St. Louis nigger women, and, with a smartness all his own, he adapted the song to fit the lips of a Tuxedo girl—one of the 'four hundred,' what you call here the 'upper ten'—of that city. I heard the song, and I liked it, and agreed to exchange it—it was in 1892—for a song I had been singing called 'I Couldn't say No.' Mr. Sayers toured with this, with additions, under the title of 'The Fate of the Gondoliers.'"

"Now tell me about your last visit."

"Mr. Charles Frohman took me out on my recent visit, and we were treated most cordially by the American nation. My appearance in 'Miss Helyet' in all the theatres of first importance gave me a social and dramatic position of which I had reason to feel proud. They publicly entertained me at Waldorf's Hotel in New York, and Miss Lillian Russell, I believe, alone can boast of a similar honour."

"I suppose, however, that it has not always been 'shine'?"

"You are right. I didn't altogether enjoy being snowed up in the mountains of the Sierra Nevada, with the thermometer at forty degrees below zero; nor should I again care to run the risk of losing all my dresses, as I nearly did at Chicago when the theatre caught fire, about a year and a half ago. I shall never forget that scene, especially as I had to paddle about in 'rubbers.' Then that quarantine detention, when I was on board the *Normandia*, tried my patience frightfully—I'm afraid I showed it; and last, though not least, I tore some of the ligaments of my leg while dancing the 'Ta-ra-ra,' putting me on crutches for seven months. That was a most aggravating episode. However, on the whole, I have the pleasantest recollections of America, especially as my visit put me in funds to the extent of £200 a-week."

"I can't imagine how you have managed to keep your voice so charmingly while going in so energetically for dancing?"

"I am fortunate; I think so myself. Perhaps it was my taking to dancing so early, and going through its routine, from the initial business of pointing one's toes, leading on to the 'splits,' the 'stride,' &c."

"And are you a quick study?"

"Remarkably so. I can learn a song in no time. Look out for two new ones, 'La Donna Signora' and 'I never saw a girl like that.'"

Then Miss Collins had a perfect wardrobe of rich gowns brought over for my inspection, the greater part made by Madame Fisher. What struck me, beyond their exquisite taste and richness of material, was their complete finish.

"Some of these cost me over forty pounds, and this is a seven-guinea hat," said she, as she held up a French shape, trimmed with red ostrich-feathers. "I wear a different dress in each of my turns, and again vary these very frequently; and when you consider that tights, stockings, and petticoats are always *en suite*, I think I may be congratulated on the rapidity with which I change. I always insist on my lace being real, and all the materials of skirt and petticoats being of the richest quality."

"A real work of art should always be suitably framed," I remarked, as I made my bow.



MISS LOTTIE COLLINS.
Photo by Jones and Lotz, San Francisco.

HORS D'ŒUVRES.

The General Election is still with us, and will not be over till the inevitable shock of surprise with which Orkney and Shetland forces its existence on the notice of a forgetful world, weeks after politicians are already beginning to think of the next election. It would be a situation worthy of the pen of Mr. W. S. Gilbert, if parties were evenly divided in Parliament, and on the vote of Orkney and Shetland rested the decision. I fear the austere virtue of Thule, *ultima* in a double sense, would not resist such a position of power.

However, it is not in the least likely that the guileless Orcadian will have anything important to decide by his vote what time the special steamer comes to convey him to the poll. The revulsion in the electorate has exceeded the usual "swing of the pendulum." There can be no doubt that the last Liberal Government contrived, in one way and another, to make itself profoundly unpopular. In drawing up its multifarious programme, it inserted everything that was demanded by any considerable section of its own supporters, heedless of the fact that each of these proposed measures was distasteful to a much larger body of electors. The threatened interests were bound to coalesce in mere self-defence. The friendship of the teetotallers drew with it the enmity of "the trade," a far more influential organisation; the ardent Disestablishers were few in comparison with the Church defenders roused to activity by a Disestablishment Bill; and those who really wanted to abolish the power of the House of Lords were a feeble folk, matched against the retainers of our modern Barons.

In preaching the crusade of the Masses against the Classes, our Radicals lost sight of the elementary political fact that the Masses are made up of Classes—or, at the very least, that every Class has its connections and supporters among the Masses. Now, it is well that the interest of a single Class should yield to that of the Masses, as a rule; and the support of the majority, even though not very energetic, makes it safe to disregard the more intense feeling of a small minority. But attacks on many Classes at once will inevitably unite enough minorities to form an overpowering hostile majority. There is no natural kinship between Bishops and Beer, and not much between either of these and the lay Peerage; but all alike have the instinct of self-preservation, and value their own existence at a higher figure than the satisfaction to be derived from the destruction of their neighbours.

The suicidal policy of general vexation of interests followed out by the late Government is quite enough to account for the character of the voting that has overthrown the Radical Party. No long or interesting programme is put forward by Unionists; and it is precisely this neglect, if I read current events rightly, that has given them success. Strong feeling has been aroused against the Radicals, but no enthusiasm seems to exist in favour of any special alternative policy. The feeling of the country, to use an Irish phrase, is one of passionate indifference. Ill as the Liberals have fared, their extreme men have fared worst. Sir William Harcourt identified himself at once with Little England and Local Veto. A constituency looked on as his secure citadel has thrown him out emphatically. Mr. Storey, and the egregious Alpheus Cleophas, and Mr. W. S. Caine and the decr-stalked Keir Hardie, are "bounced," and even John Burns is rudely shaken in his seat. All these, in their degree, annoyed and irritated the public by incessant interference and "nagging." The almost dethroned King of Battersea is possessed with a passion for the public good, but he has trodden assiduously, with the best of motives, on the toes of one minority after another, one class after another, in his constituency.

Another moral to be drawn from this election is that strong language and wild promises are at a discount. Lord Salisbury declares that he has no panacea for our distressed agriculture, but he will try to do something. The country responds by bidding him try his best. A fervid Liberal newspaper tries to rouse enthusiasm by publishing a song that may be sung—with some difficulty—to the Marseillaise, and only makes itself and its bard ridiculous. "Tremble, tyrants!" shrieks the singer, knowing all the time that the Lords are not tyrants, and that they are not trembling in the least. And the net result is the waste of five good guineas, which might have been changed into a hundred and five shillings and given to "W. G." And think of the fearful waste of poetic talent on the unsuccessful songs!

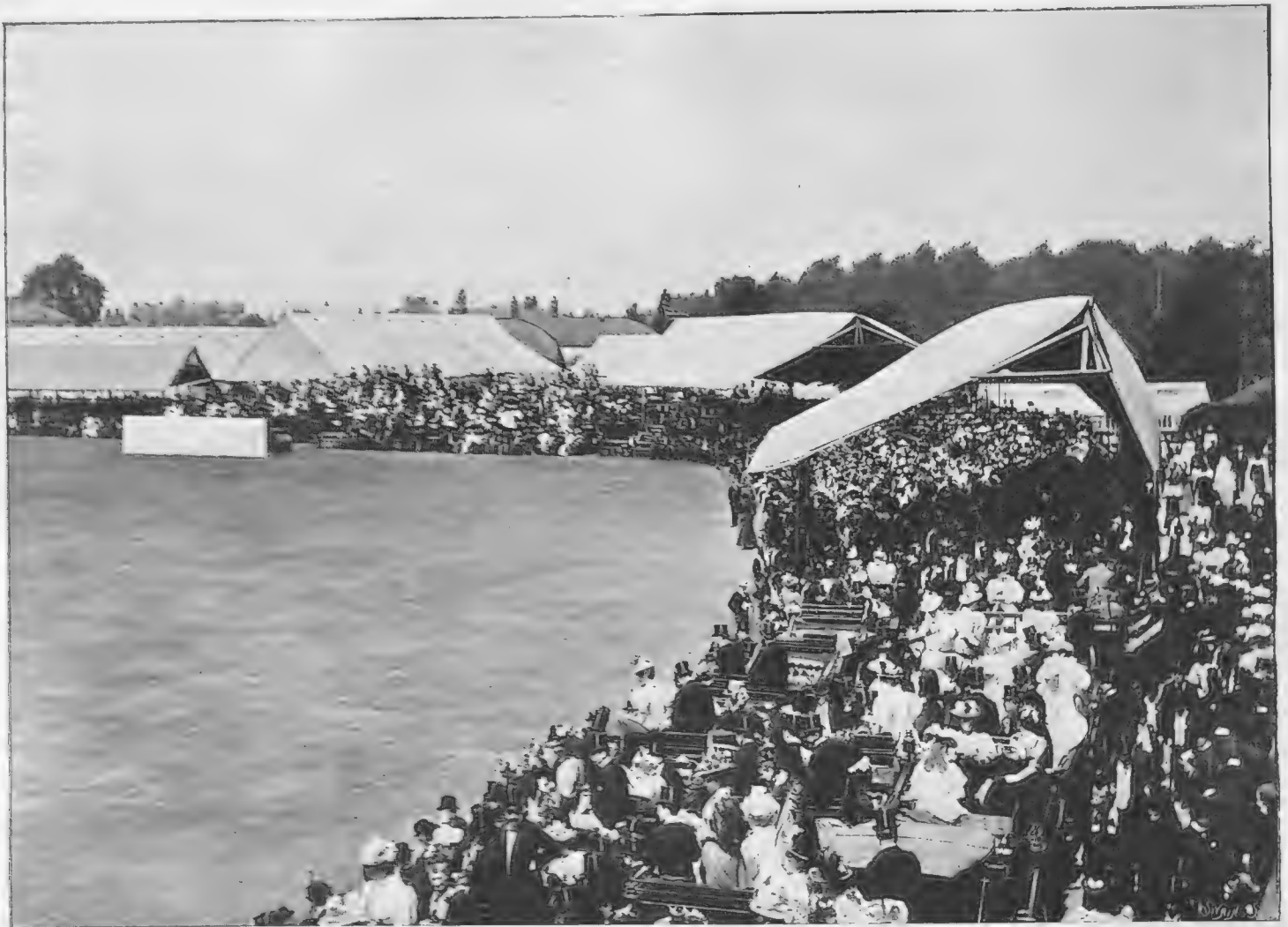
They say it was an awful sight
Before the prize was won,
So many thousand blatant bards
Were rotting in the *Sim*;
But songs like that, you know, can be
Produced in any quantity!

MARMITON.

THE BASQUE NATIONAL GAME.

Many people in London will be glad to hear that the Basque national game will be introduced to the West-End during this summer. It is a most fascinating game, and very little known even in France. Mr. Jabez Balfour may possibly have been a spectator of a match while passing through Buenos Ayres, where also the game is played. Possibly, also, visitors to the recent exhibition of "artistic posters" noticed a coloured drawing of the game being played. It is known either as *peloton* or *la paume* in French, or *pelota* in Spanish. The word *peloton* throws light upon the nature of the balls, which are as big as those used in lawn tennis, and are made like racquet-balls. In fact, the game has some of the features of both tennis (not lawn tennis) and racquets. The phrase *peloter à la paume* is not applicable, for the Basque rules are like the laws of the Medes and Persians, or like the laws of the Royal and Ancient, before the "monstrous regiment of the Englishry" took up golf, a generation that knows not St. Andrews. A special court will have to be built for the players in the Metropolis, as the full-sized court is immense, and the

I shall never forget my first introduction to the game. The *locus lusi* was the picturesque old town of Fuentarabia, that stands so grandly at the mouth of the Bidassoa, the river separating France and Spain, not many miles from Biarritz. As the traveller crosses the frontier, southward bound, he cannot fail to notice the city set on the hill. "Fontarabie," said Victor Hugo, "m'avait laissé une impression lumineuse. Elle était restée dans mon esprit comme la silhouette d'un village d'or." It was high noon on a high holiday. In Fuentarabia the balconies of the overhanging houses were crowded with women and old men, the while riflemen (and among them a riflewoman, who handled her weapon as well as the best of them, and looked very smart in brown "rational costume" and brown top-boots) fired salutes and the bells in the gaudy church jangled. As I made my way to the ruined castle for the sake of the view, and found there a notice in English that it was for sale, I wondered where all the young men of the place were. Had some Pied Piper of Hamelin been before me and enticed all the hale and hearty boys? I was invited to try my luck at the Casino, which I had read offered "the same attractions as Monaco," but I preferred to walk round the outer walls of the town under the shade of the ramparts and of the trees.



A CORNER AT LORD'S.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY SYMMONS AND THIELE, CHANCERY LANE.

two walls, L-shaped, have to be very high. It is customary for one side of the native court to be built of concrete steps, rising like a grand stand, for the spectators' convenience.

But the most distinctive feature of this Basque pastime is what I may call the bat-basket. This is made of wickerwork shaped like the crescent moon. An optician would compare it to a concavo-convex lens. It is worn on the right arm, whose hand is slipped into a glove attached to the outside end of the bat, and the apparatus is strapped to the wrist. When a player is standing at ease, the lower point of the bat-basket reaches almost to his ankle. With this arrangement the player hits the ball against the end wall, making it cannon off the left-side wall at his discretion. He either returns the ball before it touches the ground or strikes it on the first bound: and it is allowable to hold the ball in the bat-basket while the arm is being drawn back, so as to fling *la paume* with greater violence. The distance which the ball can be made to travel, thanks to the power of long reach added to the arm, is perfectly amazing, and must be seen to be believed. In the Basque provinces *peloton* has the same fascination as cricket exerts in this country or golf in Scotland, and it is a proud day for a Basque boy when he wins distinction at the game. It is best played by four persons. Those who have read Prosper Mérimée's "Carmen" may remember that Don José, who was a Basque, attributed his downfall to inordinate love of this game—"J'aimais trop à jouer à la paume, c'est ce qui m'a perdu. Quand nous jouons à la paume, nous autres Navarrais, nous oublions tout."

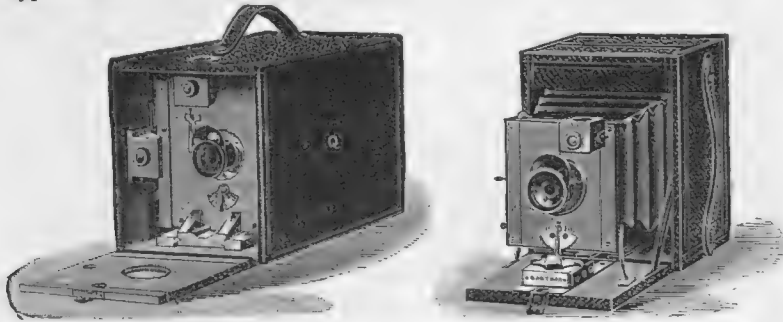
The mystery was soon explained. Not far from the chief gate leading from Fuentarabia, hundreds of Basque men—athletically the pick of their tribe—were watching a *peloton*-match. These spectators were wonderfully alike. They were all bronzed, short-haired, clean-shaven, heavy-jawed, thin-lipped; and the blue eyes of a great number were sore-lidded. They were all short or middle-sized, had sturdy, thick-set figures, wore much the same clothes, and, without exception, the blue cloth cap made in one piece, which is typical of the district, and resembles, more than aught else, a Balmoral bonnet without the ribands; and, lastly, they were all following the game with eager enthusiasm and small bets. There were four players—two men and two boys. They were dressed in white flannels, and also wore the cap of the country, only it was red, like that of Spanish soldiers. The two elders were evidently notorious players, and they stood far back in the court, placing the boys, who were also very smart and very much in earnest, nearer the end wall, in a position where strength of arm was not so greatly needed. It was then that I realised the fascination of the game, and almost joined in the low sigh of approbation—like that of a crowd witnessing fireworks—which greeted any long-sustained play of a brilliant character. But after an hour of watching the game in the merciless summer sun, I was fain to beat a retreat, and I did not wonder at the prevailing sore eyes of my Basque companions. If the game were properly introduced into this country, I feel sure it would "catch on."

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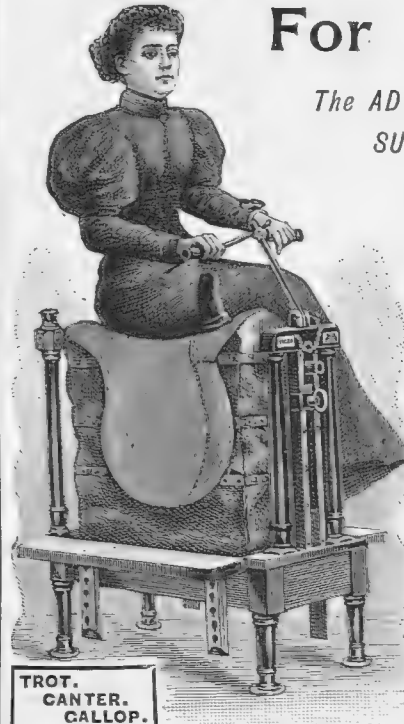
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WHEN we are young we like detective stories—good ones like Dr. Conan Doyle's when we can get them; but tales much less clever will do. We remember how the old school detective puts on wigs, false beards, and sometimes even an artificial nose. He is a fine actor, too, and associates for weeks at a time with thieves, who never once suspect his identity. Of course no such detective ever existed outside the pages of a novel. A thief to be successful must be sharp, and one who could not see that a detective's hair, complexion, and accent were equally humbugs would not remain in the profession long. It is a pity to knock a romance on the head, but these are facts.

Bodily ailments disguise themselves so as to deceive not alone unpractised senses, but the keen eye of the physician. Here is an example: Mrs. Emily Giles, of 18, Rose Terrace, Trundley Road, Deptford, London, thought she had consumption. Three of her brothers, according to the physicians attending them, had died of that malady. Mrs. Giles thought she would go the same way, because she had often heard that consumption runs in families.

"All my life," she said, in September 1893, "I have been weak and ailing, never knowing what it is to feel strong. I always felt tired and languid, having no relish for food, and after eating I had pain and distress at my chest and sides. When I was seventeen years of age large abscesses formed in my neck, and I attended at the King's College Hospital off and on for eight years."

She goes on to say that she got no better, and symptoms of what she considered consumption began to appear. A hacking, persistent cough settled upon her, and she spat up a quantity of thick mucus. She had night sweats which left her much exhausted in the morning. Every day she lost a little strength, and it's no wonder that she thought she had consumption. But her lungs were really healthy.

"I became so weak and nervous," she says, "that if anyone knocked at the door my heart would flutter, and I trembled from head to foot. In February 1883 my right leg began to swell, until it was double its usual size. I had intense pain from the knee to the ankle, and the leg became so much discoloured that it was almost purple. The doctor gave me medicine of different kinds, but I got no relief. In December 1892 my friend Mrs. Dix

told me of the great benefit she had derived from Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup.

"I got a supply, and after taking it a short time I felt in better health than I ever remembered. My appetite increased, and the food I took agreed with me. Soon the cough that had troubled me so long left me, and my leg was well as ever. Since that time, by taking an occasional dose of the medicine, I keep in the best of health. You are at liberty to make what use you like of this statement. Yours truly (Signed) Emily Giles."

This lady is now convinced that she did not have consumption. She had indigestion, in one of its many disguises. As these disguises are vastly better than the clumsy expedients of the novelist's detective, Mrs. Giles's misunderstanding of her complaint was entirely natural.

Nothing was out of order except her stomach, but that was enough, because indigestion means that every pulsation of the heart is sending poison-laden blood through the body. The bad blood showed itself in the abscesses and in the sore leg. All that Mother Seigel's Syrup did was to set the digestive machinery right. Then the blood-stream flowed pure and strong, and for the first time in her life the lady in Rose Terrace knows what it is to be well.

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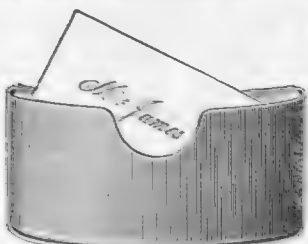
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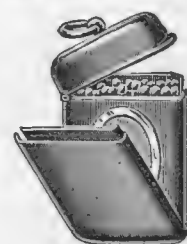
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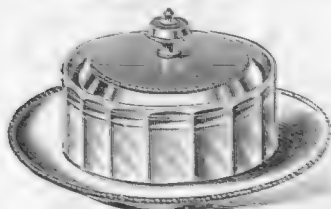
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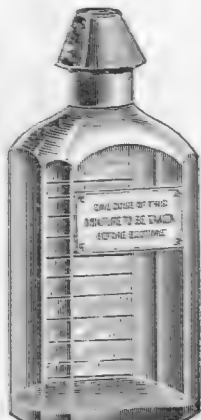
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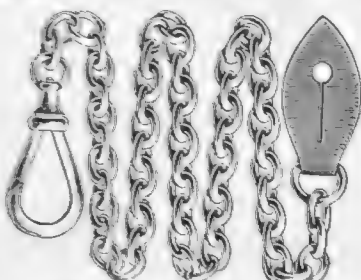


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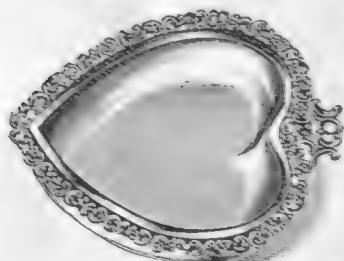
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A NORTHERN HOLIDAY-CROWD.

The Lancashire cotton-operative has his own peculiar way of enjoyment. He is brusque of speech, but he tells you this is a sign of his honesty. He is never tired of quoting that, "what Manchester thinks to-day, England will think to-morrow." Above all, he has a good eye for the

main chance. He by no means takes his pleasures sadly, but makes a business of them. The events of his life are chronicled by their nearness to particular holidays. "Our Sal got married a fortnight afore Easter"; "it was on the Tuesday in Whitsun week that Bill Sturgess broke his leg"; "our youngster was christened in Wakes week," is the way he remembers events. Holidays never catch him unawares. When he has spent his spare cash at Whitsuntide, he immediately commences to save for having a week at Blackpool in August. Saving for holidays is quite as important as paying his club-money, and the anticipation is pleasanter. He knows he will have his money's worth at the seaside; but, cautious man that he is, he feels there is something wrong if he has to contribute to a sick-club and he never falls unwell. At the various mills there is always a holiday-fund. Every man, boy, and girl contributes so much



A MORALIST.

weekly. Just before the holidays the money is distributed, and the Lancashire native finds he is able to get an enjoyable week's holiday out of eight or ten pounds.

Every Saturday afternoon thousands of Lancashire lads and lasses flock into Manchester to visit Belle Vue. Belle Vue is a sort of Zoological Gardens. There are a good many more animals than there are fish, say, at the Westminster Aquarium. Still, people don't go to Belle Vue to study natural history only. Of course, the parrots and the monkeys are the most interesting studies, because some fun can be got out of them. The elephant is not bad sport, and even the lions, blinking lazily, are considered worth looking at. But the great attractions are the dancing and the boating on the lake.

Boating on the lake is most amusing—to the spectator. The lake is fairly large, but it is not large enough for the few hundreds of oarsmen, who think it the height of pleasure to tug at the short oars till the perspiration rolls down their faces. They won't have had their money's worth unless they are thoroughly tired. You cannot get a little outrigger like those on the Serpentine and in Battersea Park. An outrigger would not live two minutes on the Belle Vue lake. All the craft are of the ferry-boat type, and about twice as strong. This is absolutely necessary. Half the fun in boating is to cannon into one another, and then quarrel with the occupants of the other boat for not keeping out of the way. The methods of rowing are primitive. Four youths courageously seize an oar apiece and pull strongly and fast, in a sort of windmill fashion, irrespective of each other. The course, consequently, is somewhat erratic. Suddenly there is a scream from a quartet of damsels in the stern of the boat, followed by a bumping into the bank or into another vessel, the loss of oars, and gratuitous instruction from people on the bank on what to do or what not to do. There is a good deal of shouting and excitement; but still, it is all very enjoyable. There is a small steamer on the lake, which will take you a trip for the plebeian sum of twopence. The arrogant and off-hand manner that steamer deals with the rowing-boats is like that of a newly made alderman. It simply ignores their existence. It cannot cut them in two, for they are as heavily made as itself. But, proud of its superior force, it simply pushes and knocks through them with a "Why the blank don't you get out of my way?" sort of air.

The dancing is the thing, however. Not only is there a great ball-room, but there is a platform for dancing in the open air, and on a

holiday quite ten thousand young men and women foot it to the crashing of a couple of brass-bands. If a young man wants to dance, an introduction is superfluous. All he says to a young woman on whom his eye falls is, "Come on!" and she comes on. Waltzing is the favourite dance. With an ingenuity that is marvellous, a couple will waltz through the quadrilles, the lancers, the mazurka, the polka, and even the galop. The position they take up is hardly artistic. They clutch one another round the waist, they place their faces cheek by cheek, they bend their bodies, so that there is no chance of their feet being mingled, and then they spin. There is not much room to even spin. There are thousands of couples doing the same. It is very dusty, and, oh! it is so hot! The young man pushes his hat to the back of his head; his face is red, and he tightens his lips, as though preparatory to a spurt; the damsel closes her eyes, and resigns herself to the intoxication of the dance; and then they twirl as fast as they can go, unheeding the music altogether. "By gum! that wor fine, worn't it?" he says, and she says, "It wor!"

Refreshment is suggested, and an adjournment is made to the bar, where holiday-makers are standing six deep, gasping for something to drink. When a Lancashire lad and lass are out for the day they drink port wine. Ale is all very well for ordinary days, but port wine is the cooling draught for holidays. There is an air of refined ease in sitting



IN THE BALL-ROOM.

on a form sipping port wine, with a couple of hundred people about you bawling for "another port." The Lancashire lad is not so wildly extravagant as to pay for the port which his girl drinks. She pays for her own. This is quite an understood arrangement. A man is either engaged to the girl, or a superior person like a draper's assistant, when he "stands treat."

I like this Belle Vue crowd. It is like on board ship—everybody is as good as anybody else; that is, till the evening, when the young gentlemen who sell tape behind counters, and the young ladies who are



MAKING A DAY OF IT.

in the mantle department, come down to dance. They are as exclusive as a royal party at a charity ball. The young gentleman from behind the counter would lose caste were he to dance with a mill-girl, and if a rollicking, roystering youth from Burnley presumed to ask one of the young ladies to "come on," you may be sure she would "turn up her noble nose with scorn." So, you see, lines are drawn at even so democratic a place as Belle Vue.

Dancing goes on from three o'clock in the afternoon till ten o'clock at night. I believe there are some who dance the whole seven hours. When dusk falls, and the electric light is turned on, when the individuals in the crowd cannot be distinguished, and the shadows are heavy, it is an amazing sight to watch the outdoor dancing. It is one heaving mass. There is shouting and laughing and the scraping of many feet, and above it all is the blaring of the band. But go into the ball-room, and the sight is one which clings long to the memory. Smoking is allowed, and the place is suffocating; the mirrors are covered with steam; the



IN THE GARDENS.

noise is deafening. At one end of the place is the usual crowd yelling for drink. You can hardly hear the band; yet you see the conductor, as through a fog, waving his baton, and dancing is in full fling. Everybody is very happy.

When the Lancashire native goes to Belle Vue, he goes to enjoy himself. He makes up his mind beforehand, and he is not disappointed.

JOHN FOSTER FRASER.

RACING NOTES BY CAPTAIN COE.

Already some fancy wagers are being taken about horses for the Cesarewitch and Cambridgeshire, but I am pleased to hear that the Continental list men are doing very little business; and I, for one, shall not be sorry when ante-post betting is killed. Rumours, by-the-by, are rife about several of our bookmakers being hit very hard, and it is more than evident that those who win the money by backing horses just now are in the habit of getting information from inspired quarters, and some big wagers have been won of late over horses that on paper had no chance.

I am very glad to notice an improvement in the behaviour of our jockeys at the starting-post of late. Mr. Coventry, by his tact and mild temper, has certainly worked wonders in the starting business. Less than a score of years ago, a certain jockey was supposed to be able to do as he liked at the starting-post, and he always was the first to give the word, either "No" or "Go." It is stated that, on one occasion, he said "No" when a light-weight went off helter-skelter, and the rest of the field followed; but, I am glad to add, Mr. Light-weight got done on the post by a head, and a very big *coup* was upset.

There is a great desire in certain circles to induce racing men to gamble on the Stock Exchange. I have known one or two sportsmen do well on 'Change; but, as a rule, directly a betting-man gives his winnings a chance at Capel Court, he comes off second best, and for the very simple reason that the racing-man knows nothing of the secrets of the business; and he forgets that, on 'Change, all his horses may lose, while, at racing, there must be a winner to each event.

Colling, the jockey, who rides mostly in the North of England, is a good-looking young fellow—a gentleman, in fact, by birth and education. Yorkshire born—his grandfather is a well-known rector in the county of many acres—young Colling early developed a passion for horses and horse-racing, and, despite the opposition of his friends, he joined a racing-stable as a youth, and soon rose in his new profession. Unfortunately, he put on weight fast, and now cannot go to scale much under 8 st. 8 lb., but, when the weight suits, he gets a lot of riding, and for the last two or three years his average has been very good. Colling in the saddle reminds one not a little of the late Fred Archer. He has long legs, and rides with a deep stirrup. He possesses wonderful judgment and has a good nerve. Colling is related to a well-known writer who contributes to one of the daily sporting papers.



COLLING.

Photo by H. R. Sherborn, Newmarket.

Of course, Lord March will be present at the Goodwood Meeting, but, owing to the serious illness of his sister, he will not entertain for the meeting. The royal party will, of course, occupy the Goodwood House Stand as usual, and I believe the Prince of Wales's friends will also join the party. It is regrettable that Goodwood House will be closed during the meeting, as it was one of the features of the drive to and fro to see the royalties and others at the entrance. I am sorry to hear that the severe agricultural depression has seriously affected the Duke of Richmond's income. For the Goodwood, Brighton, and Lewes Races, the London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway Company will run special trains, commencing on Monday.

I often receive—and, no doubt, some of my readers do—circulars inviting me to participate in the Great Brussels Drawing, promoted by the International Racing Association. I give the details of the method of drawing for the Stewards' Cup: "All the numbers of tickets sold will be placed in a bag, and, in another bag, all the names of the horses entered in the race. As each number is drawn from the list of tickets sold, a corresponding horse will be drawn from the other bag. The drawing will take place on Saturday, July 27, and all subscribers will be advised of the numbers drawn, and the names and addresses of the holders of the numbers corresponding with running horses, so that before the race it will be known who have the runners. If this is not done to the satisfaction of the Committee, the drawing will be declared void, and all moneys returned."

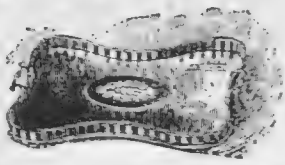
I had an idea that these lotteries were played out, but, seemingly, the speculative people of this country believe in them still. Carlyle's estimate of our population was not wide of the mark, after all.

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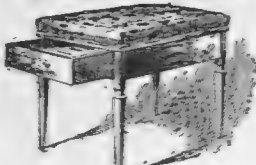
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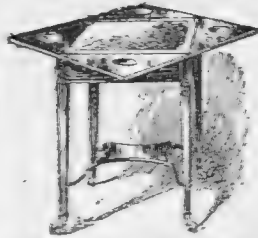
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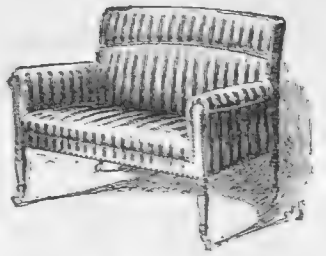
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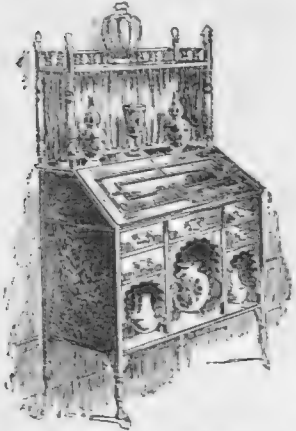
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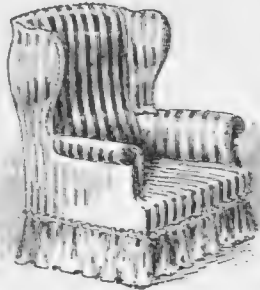
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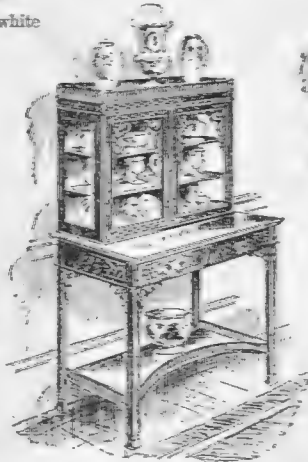
Claret-Jug,
Fine Cut
Crystal, 10s.



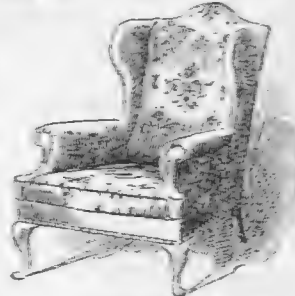
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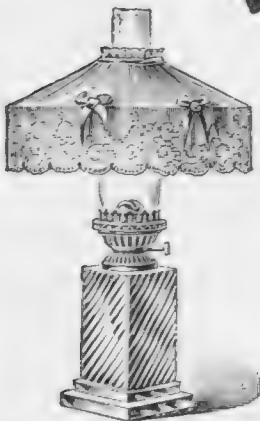


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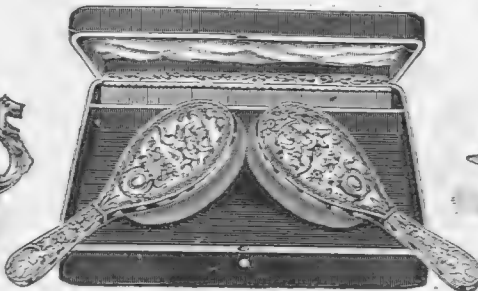
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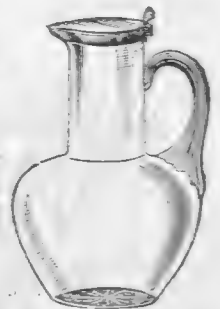
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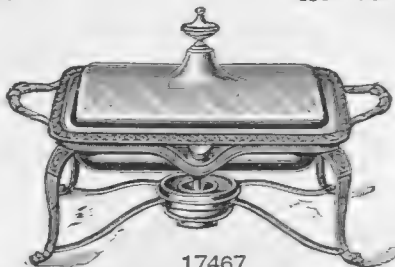
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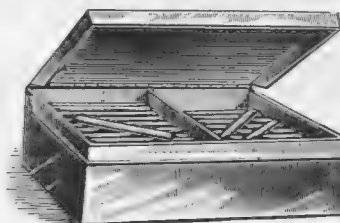
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THE WORLD OF SPORT.

CRICKET.

When we come to think of it, it does not seem likely that there will ever be a more successful cricket season than that which we are at present enjoying. Look what we have accomplished since the beginning of May. Twice has the highest aggregate in county cricket been beaten; the rejuvenescence of Dr. W. G. Grace has taken various forms, the highest individual total—one of the Doctor's innumerable records—has been left in the rear, and one or two other previous bests have gone by the board. Above all, we are experiencing record weather, and that is the main thing.

The fact is, that sensations are continuing to crowd one upon the other in such hotch-potchy fashion, that the statistical critics find it very difficult indeed to keep pace with them. Last week the "century"-makers burst forth in full force again. There were seven matches on one day, with a percentage of about one individual hundred for each innings. Here and there, especially at Leyton, the effect of the absence of rain was noticeable in the wickets, which were unpleasantly fiery; but, generally speaking, the batsmen have been simply playing havoc with even the grandest of bowling.

First and foremost in the season's new records is Mr. Archibald C. MacLaren's wonderful score of 424 for Lancashire v. Somerset. Nineteen years ago Dr. W. G. Grace hit up 344 for the Marylebone Cricket Club against Kent, and until 1895 this innings held the field as a record in first-class cricket. As a matter of fact, there is only one higher figure in the game of cricket altogether, this being Mr. Andrew Ernest Stoddart's 485 for the Hampstead Club v. the Stoics, in 1886. This is not to be compared with the performance of the young Lancastrian.

Perhaps the superficial reader does not comprehend what it means to make a score of the magnitude of 424. To begin with, Mr. MacLaren was at the wickets just upon eight hours—that is to say, well into the second day—and throughout all this time he only gave two chances. For a young man of twenty-three—Mr. MacLaren was born on Dec. 1, 1871—to stand up to first-class bowling, and one of the fastest bowlers we have, in Mr. S. M. J. Woods, in this defiant manner, is surely a circumstance to fill the hearts of athletic Englishmen with joy. What patience is required! what confidence! what steadiness! what untiring vigilance! The boys of Harrow, of which school Mr. MacLaren was captain some years ago, should go in for cricket now with more enthusiasm than ever.

The new record-holder may be said to have had a wonderfully brilliant career. He was taken right away from school to play in a county match, and, though it was only against Sussex, he signalled his début with a "century." Again, on the first occasion of playing in Australia, with Mr. Stoddart's team, he actually hit up 228, while numerous other three-figure innings have fallen to his share. Dr. Grace is not destined to have things all his own way in the national game.

Mr. MacLaren's contribution was over one-half of the sum-total of 801 made by the whole Lancashire team. This innings will now stand as a record for first-class cricket by Englishmen, though, as regards merit, it easily surpasses anything that has ever gone before. It will be remembered that, in 1893, the Australians at Portsmouth scored 843 against a particularly weak eleven called Past and Present of Oxford and Cambridge Universities, while, in 1887, a scratch match was got up in Australia wherein the "Non-Smokers" hit up 803 against the "Smokers." There is one score which beats everything in ordinary cricket, this being when, in 1882, the Orleans Club made over 900 runs against Rickling Green. We can afford to dismiss this with a smile.

The race for the County Championship may be a stern one yet, but at present the Surrey players are doing all that is being asked them. The only counties which seriously threaten the Southerners are Lancashire and

Yorkshire. Both the Northerners are going pretty strong just now, but, seeing that Surrey beat them easily enough on their own grounds, it would be idle to say that the Champions are not in the best position of the whole fourteen counties. Middlesex's chance of getting into second or third place vanished with the success of Sussex at Lord's. What a godsend Prince Ranjitsinhji is proving to the Seaside! I really question whether he has a superior in England as a batsman.

Matches arranged for next (*Sketch*) week are—

July 25—At Kennington Oval, Surrey v. Sussex.
At Nottingham, Notts v. Gloucestershire.
At Manchester, Lancashire v. Somerset.
July 29—At Derby, Derbyshire v. Surrey.
At Bradford, Yorkshire v. Gloucestershire.
At Blackheath, Kent v. Somerset.
At Birmingham, Warwickshire v. Lancashire.
At Leicester, Leicestershire v. Hants.

FOOTBALL.

There is likely to be some trouble yet over the question of football at Kennington Oval next season. Last year, it will be remembered, a vote was taken on the matter, with the result that there was a majority for football, and some splendid enjoyment for the people. This time there looks to be a dead set made against the grand winter sport by the Oval executive, and I must say I cannot understand it. Why should the finest ground in England be closed for eight months out of the year? It is urged that the outfielding is spoiled by the use of the ground for football, and Mr. John Shuter, the old Surrey captain, went so far as to say that anybody fielding third man to Richardson would appreciate what is meant by "spoiled." Now this is palpably absurd, for third man is by a good many yards removed from the football pitch.

Let us assume, however, that the outfielding is "spoiled"; that does not necessarily mean that football must be stopped. A minimum of evil is amply compensated for by a maximum of good, and, after all, is not football quite as important as cricket? It must never be forgotten that the Oval is practically a public ground, for there is merely a nominal rent paid of about a hundred pounds. The Duchy of Lancaster does not lend the Oval so that the Surrey County Club can put so many thousands in Consols; it is given so that the people may be provided with sport, and it will be nothing short of a scandal if the Oval is closed to football.

LAWN TENNIS.

After the lapse of one year, Wilfred Baddeley has again won the All-England Singles Championship. Along with his twin brother Herbert, the Singles Champion also secured the Doubles, so that the house of Baddeley must be highly pleased with itself.

The absence of Messrs. Pim, Mahony, and Stoker robbed this season's Championships of much of their interest. Those three brilliant Irishmen are at present concluding a tour in America, where they have been giving brother Jonathan a taste of real Irish lawn tennis. I am inclined to think that, had Pim taken part in the contest at Wimbledon, he would again have placed the Championship to his credit. Baddeley was certainly in no better form this season than last, when Pim beat him easily. Ireland, however, had some consolation in the victory of Miss C. Cooper in the Ladies' Singles, when she beat such sterling players as Miss Paterson and Miss Jackson.

Altogether, the Championships were dull, and the reason may be found in the following verses from *Pastime*—

A LAMENT FROM WIMBLEDON.

Mr. Pim, Mr. Mahony, Mr. Stoker,
Do you hear the sighs upon the classic green?
Do you hear us saying what a sorry joke a
Week at Wimbledon, with you left out, has been?
Are your triumphs so insipid that, escaping,
You forego your English laurels for a whim?
Come back again and set us all a-gaping,
Mr. Stoker, Mr. Mahony, Mr. Pim!

Mr. Pim, Mr. Stoker, Mr. Mahony,
The play was very brilliant now and then;
But, frankly, and without a bit of blarney,
'Twas not Wimbledon without the Irishmen.
Some there be who follow closely in your traces;
But the champion of all England, what of him?
Come back again and put them in their places,
Mr. Mahony, Mr. Stoker, Mr. Pim!

CYCLING.

The ensuing anniversary of the Cuca Cup Race will be shorn of the appearance of F. W. Shorland, who has just passed through a serious illness. This, however, is not the only reason of his absence. Shorland, having won the Cup outright by proving successful three times, is thoroughly well advised to abstain now. There is moderation in everything. I hear that a great deal is expected from A. Ford on Saturday, the winner of a recent twelve hours' race, and there are one or two other "dark horses." A highly interesting contest should be seen.

That the record from Land's End to John o' Groat's should be beaten, and that, too, by a tandem, is a revelation to the cyclists, yet Mr. G. P. Mills and Mr. T. A. Edge covered the ground in 3 days 4 hr. 46 min., beating the record by 1 hr. 3 min. The route is sufficient to tax the energies of even strong riders.

OLYMPIAN.



T. A. EDGE AND G. P. MILLS.

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

FASHIONS UP TO DATE.

It was something of a surprise to me to read the other day, in a famous American magazine, the solemn statement that, as far as becoming and smart bathing-dresses were concerned, the Frenchwomen are far behind the average Englishwoman at the average watering-place; as, with a few of the notable exceptions which vary the monotony of every rule, the appearance of a Parisienne or a Frenchwoman generally, when she is indulging in sea-bathing, is "simply clumsy, unattractive, and unpicturesque"! This goes far towards removing the stigma which has made our bathing-dresses as much the butt of all the comic papers as the long-suffering mother-in-law; and I plumed myself considerably in consequence, though, to be quite candid, I felt, in the bottom of my heart, the necessity of obtaining a large spoonful of salt if such a statement were to be swallowed intact. The reason given, too, for our superiority in this matter—namely, that we take our bathing seriously, while the French treat it as a frolic and a joke—struck me as pointing the moral in quite another direction, for surely gravity and concentration of purpose lead to a corresponding sobriety of clothing, while frivolity tends to influence the character of the garments in the same way. However, it is to our interest and pleasure to accept the statement, and to live up to it with all our might and main during whatever portion of the summer months we may be fortunate enough to spend by the sea; and I may tell you, for your guidance, that I have made it my business to go over one of our leading drapery establishments—Peter Robinson's, in Oxford Street—and find out for myself what preparations they have made for the adornment of the bathers among their clients. After that, I felt much more comfortable, my pride being sustained by the sight of a dainty garment of white flannel, striped with pale blue, and having a square yoke, bordered with a frill of woollen Torchon-lace, while round the waist was a band of cream woollen braid knotted in a smart bow in front, while the short, puffed sleeves were a by no means unimportant factor in the general good effect. This particular suit was fastened down the left side by pearl buttons of goodly proportions, and had separate knickerbockers reaching just below the knee, the feet being encased in canvas shoes, which rejoiced in soles of hempen cord as to the outside, and cork as to the interior, and which

the briny ocean. And, besides, one's bare feet, unconfined and spreading, do not usually look at their best. Indeed, the Americans go so far as to hold up their hands in horror even at the absence of stockings on such occasions, as, over on the other side, they are an indispensable adjunct to every bathing-costume. As to the headgear, give me for preference the handkerchief drapery of waterproof silk, tied in two smart little ends



were fastened round the ankle in very graceful sandal fashion, to say nothing of an embroidered design of anchors, which made them still prettier to look upon.

May I whisper in your ear that the expenditure of twenty-seven pennies will make you the possessor of a pair of these shoes, and enable you to put away entirely the blood-curdling dread of stepping barefooted on a loathsome jelly-fish or some other objectionable occupant of

in front, where—if you are lucky enough to glory in naturally curling hair, or wise enough to invest for the occasion in some soft curls which did not originally grow on your own head—you can allow some pretty tendrils and waves to escape from this close confinement, and lie in graceful confusion on your forehead, to the great improvement of your appearance, your own hair in this latter case being snugly done up under your waterproof cap in one or other variety of those Hinde's curlers which every well-regulated woman very rightly considers to be a necessity of her existence. And this reminds me that Messrs. Hinde have made another and a very large claim upon the gratitude of the feminine community in general, by bringing out a patent "Hat Attaché," which, when sewn on to the edge of the hat-brim, acts in the same way as a curved hair-pin, sliding on a socket. Moreover, it has the "Pyramid" ends which have gained our lasting affection for Hinde's hair-pins, and so cannot scratch the head, though it can, and does, prevent any sudden and wild gust of wind from lifting one's hat up bodily in front (even if it does not succeed in carrying it off altogether), to the sorry disarrangement of our carefully curled locks, and fills one with the calm security which is so desirable when we want to thoroughly enjoy our holiday, while one's arms and hands, too, are relieved from the constant strain of holding on to one's hat-brim. I should, therefore, advise you to spend a quarter of an hour in sewing a pair of Hinde's "attachés" into all the hats you purpose taking away with you—one at each side. You will find it an easy and an inexpensive proceeding, for these ingenious little appliances are only 4½d. each, as you can find out for yourself at any draper's. Wherefore, again, I pay homage to the name of Hinde, who is distinctly a benefactor to woman, and who certainly deserves to have a monument erected to his lasting glory.

Now, to go back to our other neglected bathing-dress. It will, perhaps, more easily gain your affection inasmuch as it is made in the orthodox blue serge—and perhaps, on the whole, the shape is more becoming, the turned-down collar and revers, with their bordering of white

[Continued on page 723.]

"Lanoline"

Highest Award at Chicago '93

"Lanoline"

Prepared from the purified fat of lamb's Wool, is similar to the fat of the human skin and hair. It is their natural nutrient.

Toilet "Lanoline"

6d. & 1/- A soothing emollient for health and beauty of the skin. For the complexion. Prevents wrinkles, sunburn, and chapping.

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(No caustic free alkali) 6d. and 1/- Renders the most sensitive skin healthy, clear and elastic.

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Nourishes, invigorates and beautifies the hair. Prevents dandruff by its cleansing properties.

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THE SUMMER SUN.

Ladies travelling and all exposed to the hot sun and dust will find



ROWLANDS' KALYDOR

Most cooling, soothing, healing, and refreshing for the face, hands, and arms; it

REMOVES FRECKLES, SUNBURN,

tan, redness, and roughness of the skin, cutaneous eruptions, pimples, spots, &c., soothes irritation, stings of insects, &c., keeps the

SKIN COOL AND REFRESHED DURING THE HEAT OF SUMMER,

And renders the Skin Soft, Smooth, and Delicate.

In Bottles at 4s. 6d. and 2s. 3d.

Ask Chemists for Rowlands' Kalydor.

"A CHARMING SCENT."

H.R.H. The Duchess of York.

ATKINSON'S WHITE ROSE.

"The Sweetest of Sweet Odours."

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HAIR CURLERS.

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NON-MERCURIAL.

Universally admitted to be the BEST and SAFEST ARTICLE for CLEANING SILVER, ELECTRO-PLATE, &c.

Sold everywhere in Boxes, 1s., 2s. 6d., and 4s. 6d.

SIX GOLD MEDALS.

Vinolia

SOAP (for Sensitive Skins), Premier Vinolia Soap, 4d. per Tablet.

CREAM (for Itching, Eczema, Face Spots), 1s. 1½d., 1s. 9d.

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DOES NOT CORRODE THE SKIN;

KEEPS IT SMOOTH AND VELVETY.

WHEATON & BENNETT

Beg to announce that they have been able to purchase on very exceptional terms the surplus stock of patterns of one of the first manufacturers of high class Electro



Plate, and that they are now able to offer for a short time the very finest goods at prices that compete with the low priced and inferior goods. This is a most unique opportunity for securing real bargains.

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"Familiar in his mouth as household words."



Facsimile of Tin containing Twenty-four Cigarettes.

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NAVY-CUT CIGARETTES

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By THE MILLION to THE MILLION.

Sold only in Packets containing 12, and Boxes containing 24, 50, & 100.

WOMAN'S FACE



Clearly indicates the state of her health. Some women look old while they are still young, while some middle-aged women look younger and fresher than their married daughters. Disease, overwork, and worry leave their marks more especially on a woman's face than they do on a man's.

Every one of the principal diseases and weaknesses which women are subject to fade out the face, waste the figure, and make her in reality old before her time. Perfect health makes comely features, soft skin and rosy cheeks. This can be accomplished always by taking

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the woman's friend, for it cures the troubles and ailments which beset her.

It regulates, promotes, and improves digestion, enriches the blood, dispels those dreadful bearing down aches and pains, removes melancholy, nervousness, faintness and dizziness, brings refreshing sleep and rest, restores health and strength, imparting vigour and strength to the entire system. It acts directly on the liver, stomach, and kidneys, cleanses the blood from all impurities. Price, 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 6d., of all Chemists, or free by Parcel Post on receipt of Price, from the Proprietors, THE CHARLES A. VOGELER CO., 45, Farringdon Road, London.

EXSHAW'S

BRANDY

No 1

No 1

SAMPLE BOTTLES FORWARDED

No 1

66s.

PER DOZ. (NETT CASH)

Supplied Direct To The Public
by
Powell Turner & Co. 28 King St. St. James London SW.

braid, being distinctly pretty. Braid is utilised largely as the trimming, in conjunction with small pearl buttons, and an embroidered anchor bedecks the little vest. The knickerbockers, or rather, trousers (for of such is their form and fashion), fall loosely beneath the knees, and this lady has been content with an ordinary frilled oilskin cap, urged thereto, perhaps, by the fact that it is only 1s. 0½d., as against the 3s. 9d. of the waterproof-silk headgear. However, I would rather save up to get the latter, for it is infinitely more becoming than the mob-cap arrangement. But, in case questions of economy should be rising in your mind, let me answer your query before it is asked, by telling you that, in the case of either of these distinctly attractive garments, you will get a pleasant amount of change out of two pounds when you go to purchase them, while 8s. 6d. will actually obtain for you a charming Galatea suit, made in combination form, and having a fashionably full, bell-shaped skirt, put on round the waist. Need I say more to show you how easy it will be for you to live up to the American's estimate of your charms? and certainly, when one remembers those terrible shapeless garments which were portioned out to the bathers of other days, we have occasion for thankfulness, though some benighted creatures are still foolish enough to put up with them rather than expend a few shillings on a smart garment of their own. Such penny-wise and pound-foolish folks are past redemption. May I also, while on the subject of holidays, advise, as a necessary preliminary step, the purchase from any chemist (for 1s. 6d., 2s. 6d., or 4s. 6d.), or from Roberts and Co., of 76, New Bond Street, a bottle of that now famous "Mola" Mosquito Essence, which is a preventive, I can assure you, against the bites of any and every insect, including flies, gnats, midges, and the like? Prevention is always better than cure, and "Mola," though not a cure for the unpleasant effects of bites, does better than that, for it prevents you from being bitten at all. Its name is a household word among residents in India and other hot

countries, and for the lesser evils of home holiday-making it is just as valuable. So be advised in time, and, when you are interviewing your chemist on the subject, you might also, with great advantage to your complexion and skin generally, invest in a box of "Cosmosine," which will soften the hardest of hard water—and you do come across some notable examples of hard water during holiday trips, as I think you will allow.

Ladies will be interested to hear that the Rotherham Challenge Cup, for the "Champion of Champions," has been won by the Japanese toy-spaniel Dai Butzn II., the property of Mrs. Addis. The cup is of a very elegant modified Greek form, with richly chased side-handles and fluted foot and body, the upper portion of the vase being decorated with a finely executed frieze, composed of



ROTHERHAM CHALLENGE CUP.

various breeds of dogs, rendering it particularly suited to its intended purpose. The Prince and Princess of Wales attended the show, held at Barn Elms, and her Royal Highness, as patron of the Ladies' Kennel Association, presented Mrs. Addis with the prize, which was made by Messrs. Elkington. This is the first visit paid by their Royal Highnesses to a dog-show.

FLORENCE.

The ex-President of the French Republic, M. Casimir-Périer, may be seen very often cycling in the Bois, generally accompanied by M. Bourqueney. While these distinguished gentlemen are enjoying their favourite pastime, their wives are just learning to ride, a small track having been laid out in the gardens attached to M. Bourqueney's house. M. Bourqueney will be remembered as once the Introducer of Ambassadors at the Elysée, a position he had to resign in consequence of a peculiarly careless piece of forgetfulness. Another celebrity who has gone over to the wheeling brigade is Yvette Guilbert, whose considerable reach of leg here serves her well.

The Johnsonian dictum, "that a pleasing appearance is the best letter of recommendation," is one that will be endorsed by everybody, but it must be remembered that this cannot be enjoyed apart from good health. This subject may be studied with advantage in a little brochure on "Digestion," issued by Guy's Tonic Co., of 12, Buckingham Palace Road, London, S.W., in which dyspepsia is treated in a very lucid manner.

GOUNOD'S ORIGINAL MARGUERITE.

A little more than ten years have passed since Caroline Miolan-Carvalho bade farewell to the operatic stage, and a few days ago the news came that she is gone from us altogether. She survived the composer who made her famous but a year and ten months, and let us trust that both by this have swelled the throng surrounding Marlowe and Goethe in the Elysian Fields. For all their other creations notwithstanding, Charles Gounod and Caroline Miolan will be remembered by posterity in connection with "Faust," and by nothing else. The great artist herself, who lately breathed her last at Puys, at a short distance from the summer residence of the Marquess of Salisbury, had scarcely any history apart from Gounod's masterpiece. Her début at the Opéra Comique in Auber's "Ambassadrice" was not heralded by a flourish of trumpets, and her marriage, three years later, with M. Léon Carvalho, who was engaged at the same theatre, of which theatre he is at present the director, caused no stir. Neither the wife nor the husband ranked at that time among the artistic celebrities, and there seemed no probability that either would ever attain a foremost position. Léon Carvalho (whose real name is Carvaille) had just emerged from the chorus to replace the *basso cantante* Hermann Léon, but the new-comer had passed almost unperceived. Mlle. Miolan, in spite of the good opinions of Auber and Adolphe Adam, had failed to create a great sensation. She was considered an excellent and painstaking musician, but nothing more. According to Adam himself, her voice lacked power, she was awkward in her movements, an indifferent actress, and, above all, exceedingly timid. She had created the heroine in Adam's "Giralda" with a certain measure of success, but it was not the success that gave hopes of future eminence—according to the critics of that period.

It was under these far from brilliant auspices that the young couple began housekeeping, and, shortly after that, Léon Carvalho undertook the management of the Théâtre Lyrique, formerly the Opéra National, which undertaking had pretty well ruined Adolphe Adam. The young couple had made the acquaintance of Gounod long before that, and, when Carvalho started management, the composer, a young man no longer, became an assiduous visitor behind the scenes. "Why don't you bring me an opera?" said Carvalho, on the night of the *première* of Massé's "Reine Topaze." "I should be only too pleased," was the answer, "if you would find me a subject." "A subject, a subject," was the retort; "write me a 'Faust.'" "A 'Faust,'" repeated Gounod, visibly startled; "why, I have been thinking about nothing else these many years. I am full to bursting with a 'Faust.'" The next morning there was a meeting of Jules Barbier and Michel Carré (the librettists), Gounod, and Carvalho. It was resolved that all three should set to work immediately, but not a syllable was breathed of Madame Miolan-Carvalho as the future Marguerite.

Nevertheless, things did not altogether run smooth. To begin with, the libretto when finished proved much too long. The necessary cuts and alterations having been made, Gounod began his task most energetically; but, just when it was near completion, another *contretemps* occurred. M. Marc Fournier, the then manager of the Porte St. Martin, sent word to Carvalho that he intended to produce, during the coming winter, a piece founded on Goethe's "Faust" by D'Ennery, and that it would be interpolated with music. The two theatres were almost door by door. M. Fournier was, moreover, known to be a bold and daring manager. Carvalho decided to postpone Gounod's "Faust" for a twelvemonth, and asked him to compose, meanwhile, something else. The "something else" was "Le Médecin Malgré Lui," which was represented in January, '58, but with which we are not concerned here. Fournier did not produce his piece that year, but only a twelvemonth later, just when the opera was being put in rehearsal. This time Carvalho refused to give way. Still, there was no question of the manager's wife as Marguerite, the part having been handed to Madame Ugalde. Madame Carvalho was studying the principal rôle in a fairy play, with music by Victor Massé.

It was Paul de Saint-Victor, the eminent critic, who drew Carvalho's attention to the blunder he was about to perpetrate in not casting his wife for the rôle of Marguerite; and, after much delicate negotiation, the two singers interchanged rôles. Yet all the difficulties were not over then. After the librettists, the composer was obliged to curtail his work. There was, originally, a whole scene on the Brocken, and a duo between Marguerite and Valentine, which had to go by the board. There was also a song for Valentine, which was eliminated to make room for what?—for the "Soldiers' Chorus," the introduction of which was purely accidental, as it formed no part of the primary scheme. The "Soldiers' Chorus," in fact, belonged to an opera which Gounod had had by him for years, entitled "Ivan the Terrible." Then came the vexations of the censorship, under the enlightened direction of M. Achille Fould, who objected to the Cathedral scene, on the ground that France was not on the most cordial terms with Rome. Luckily, Mgr. de Ségur, the Papal Nuncio, who happened to be a former schoolfellow of Gounod, had been present at all the rehearsals, and, though blind, was most enthusiastic. He was in a stage-box when the fiat of Fould reached Carvalho, and was directly appealed to, in the presence of the Minister's representative. "Would to Heaven that the whole of the Paris stage were filled with such scenes! What enemy to religion has prompted the idea of its suppression, M. Carvalho?" was his answer.

It is a well-known fact that "Faust," at its first appearance, was not an unqualified success. The great artist who has just died was for years in the thick of the fight. May the angels sing sweetly to her, for she sang most sweetly to the mortals here below!

ALBERT D. VANDAM.

NOTES FROM THE EXCHANGE.

"All is not Gold that Glitters."

DEAR SIR,—

Capel Court, July 20, 1895.

Although money remains as cheap as ever, there is a general impression that, with a strong Government pledged to Colonial expansion and likely to last for five or six years, a large volume of trade-orders and new enterprises will, at no distant date, rapidly deplete the huge stocks of idle money which have accumulated through a complete want of confidence in the late Liberal Administration, and the uncertainty about the future which naturally existed before the answer of the electors had been returned.

All the week business has been anything but brisk outside the Kaffir Circs; and even if there had been a rush of orders, the House was far too busy cheering, as each fresh Unionist victory came out on the tape, to have properly attended to the legitimate purpose for which both jobbers and brokers exist. Consols, and the very cream of gilt-edged securities, have been, except yesterday, in good demand, but Colonials are a little off colour on the further troubles of several of the reconstructed Australian banks and complications caused by "suspension for ninety days" of a Canadian institution.

Home Rails, without being active, have been firm, except Dover A, at the end of the week, and the Scotch traffics, as we expected, have proved satisfactory, while Coras are very near 50. The dividends announced so far have also given satisfaction, especially the distributions of the South-Eastern and Great Eastern Companies. In the latter case, it is clear, from the figures, that half the gross decrease in traffic has been saved.

As usual, the Yankee Railway market has been unsatisfactory, but, from all sources, continued evidence seems to point to a general trade revival, especially in the iron industries, and we think that, in the present dearth of reasonable investment stocks returning, say, 4 per cent. to the purchaser, it would be well to buy many of the really well-secured gold bonds which can still be bought at moderate prices, such securities as Pittsburg and Connelville Consolidated Mortgage, Toledo Walhonding Valley and Ohio First Mortgage, West Virginia and Pittsburg First Mortgage, Indianapolis and Vincennes First Mortgage, and a host of others, among which, by a judicious selection, very nearly 4-3-8 per cent. can be obtained, with reasonable, and even more than reasonable, safety.

The International market, which started well, has been depressed and uneasy over the murder of M. Stambouloff—the Grand Old Man of Bulgaria—but, with Lord Salisbury firmly seated at the Foreign Office, Argentina on the mend, and such large quantities of money to lend, things will—unless the unexpected happens—pick up rapidly. London investors have let the Russo-Chinese loan remain a happy hunting-ground for their French friends, and it seems as if the advice we gave you last week about the older Chinese issues will prove remunerative to you and disastrous to the "other fellows" who bought your stock. The new Rothschild issue on behalf of Brazil came at the price we led you to expect, and the scrip is quoted at about $\frac{3}{4}$ to 1 premium.

What has been the matter with Nitrate Rails? we are asked on all sides, and we happen to be in a position to tell you, for the prospectus of the Huara Direct Nitrate Railway is in our hands, and it is clear that the fear of this rival line getting itself made has caused the trouble. Of course, the affair is being engineered by Mr. Thackthwaite, Mr. Macandrew, and other nitrate enemies of Colonel North; but the proposal is so audacious that we seriously doubt if it will get underwritten; and, even then, it is not unlikely that there would be heavy litigation in Chili over its right to build the line. For the moment the promoters want to underwrite £400,000 of 5 per cent. bonds, and the shares of the line are all, it seems to me, what Mr. H. F. Pollock would call "boodle." This sort of finance came off in the case of the Delagoa Bay Railway and a few other notorious concerns; but we have never known a case in which it was profitable for the silly people that took the bonds, and we expect the promoters of this Huara affair will find some difficulty in getting their money.

The report of the Trustees, Executors, and Securities Insurance Corporation is at last issued, and, although it is not very cheerful reading, upon the whole, it affords ground for hope. Probably the most remarkable feature is the extraordinary way in which calls have been paid; for, if we exclude the instalments due after the date of the balance-sheet, we find that out of £600,000 which has been asked for during the last eighteen months, only 10 per cent. has not yet been collected; while out of the £200,000, half of which should have been paid a month after the date of the balance-sheet, and half next Christmas, all has been already received except £82,000. Upon the whole, after providing for the debenture debt, it seems to us there should be a surplus of about £1 a share, and if the affairs of Mexico go on improving, there is a chance of more.

Efforts are being made to reconstruct Olympia, with the assistance of the Official Receiver, and we wish such efforts every success, but, until the proposals are put into some definite shape, it is impossible to advise those of your friends who may be shareholders. The market for Maxim shares was depressed in the early part of the week by heavy sales to secure profits, but the shares were, we noticed, quickly absorbed by those in the confidence of what the Stock Exchange calls "the gang," and the market is very firm again. The Bovril Company has just issued a report which must be pleasant reading to its shareholders, showing a profit of £53,000 for the year, against £20,000 for the previous twelve months. The profits would have enabled a dividend of 40 per cent. to be paid,

but the directors were content to distribute only one-half this sum, and wisely placed £25,000 to reserve. The £5 shares, with £3 10s. paid-up, are quoted at about $10\frac{1}{4}$ to $10\frac{3}{4}$, and we know that those connected with the management are continually picking up such as are offered about this figure. We have it on very good authority that Price's Candle Company is doing very well, and you may expect the report, which will shortly be issued, to prove a pleasant surprise.

A very large business has been done in all sorts of mines, and we are glad to see Eastleighs have had a good jump. As you know, we have recommended these shares ever since they were about 22s. 6d., and we still advise you to stick to your holding, for the future of the property we consider to have passed beyond the region of doubt. The shares of the Western Kleinfontein Company, which has acquired 72 claims on the Benoni Farm, and which are dealt in both here and in Paris, appear to us a reasonable speculation, while we expect to see Rand Explorations, and probably Randfontein, go better.

Nearly all your friends want cheap mining "tips," and they might do worse than buy African Coal and Exploration shares at about 7s. 6d., or North Boulder at 8s. Among the better West Australians, Hannan's Brown Hill, which we bought for you at about $1\frac{1}{4}$, are in great favour, as are Mainland Consols, while the market "tip" is West Australian Exploring and Finance shares for a rise; and among the cheap Queensland shares, we should prefer to buy Waratah Gold Mines, at about 8s. 6d. The property is situated on the Croydon Gold-field, and the development work is in an advanced state, while a cyanide plant will be completed before the end of September.—We are, dear Sir, yours faithfully,

S. Simon, Esq.

LAMB, SHEARER, AND CO.

COMPANY AND OTHER ISSUES OF THE WEEK.

The following prospectuses have reached us—

THE GREENWICH INLAID LINOLEUM COMPANY, LIMITED, is formed to acquire Frederick Walton's patents for producing linoleum in which the pattern is solid throughout the material. The old Staines Company has done remarkably well out of the same sort of production, and, with Mr. Alderman Treloar at the head of affairs, we should expect that those who apply for shares will have a good return for their money.

THE COLONIAL CONSIGNMENT AND DISTRIBUTING COMPANY, LIMITED, is offering, through the Bank of New Zealand, £100,000 $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. debentures and 15,000 6 per cent. preference shares of £5 each. The company will acquire the English branch of the business of Nelson Brothers, Limited, who deal in frozen meat. The annual net profits for the last two years are about £31,500, and the vendors take £225,000 out of £285,000 purchase-money in ordinary shares, which seems to show that they have confidence in the enterprise.

THE BRITISH STEAMSHIP INVESTMENT TRUST, LIMITED, is asking for tenders for £100,000 $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. debenture stock at a minimum of 110. The bonds would be good enough if the price were reasonable, but it seems to us very much too high.

THE SOUTH DOWN AND EAST GRINSTEAD BREWERIES, LIMITED, is issuing 5000 5 per cent. preference shares of £10 each. The total issue is so small that there never can be a free market or a quotation, but otherwise the security seems all right.

THE MUTUAL CYCLE MANUFACTURING AND SUPPLY COMPANY, with a capital of £100,000 in 400,000 shares of 5s. each, is one of those enterprises which would never tempt us to invest a shilling. Every shareholder is to be able to buy a cycle for about ten pounds under the market price, but we have grave doubts about the company being successful enough to make this advantage of a lasting nature, and we advise our readers not to subscribe.

THE GOONGARRIE GOLD-FIELDS, with a capital of £70,000, is offering 30,000 shares. The affair will have only a working capital of £10,000, and, although the directors say that considerable development has been done, when it comes to details, we can only say that their opinions and ours as to what amounts to development are very different. We advise our readers to have nothing to do with the venture.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

W. P. K.—We hope you have got our letter. We ought to have recommended you Gas Light and Coke A Stock, which please add to the other securities mentioned by us.

J. T. F.—Your broker was right, and we were wrong. These debentures are not quoted in the official list; about nine months ago we bought some at 77, and, about three months ago, at 85. As we knew of no dealings higher than this, we mentioned that figure, but, on inquiry, now find that, in the rush for remunerative investments, the price has risen. You will do well even at 95, but we are sorry for the mistake.

J. Q. Y.—We have written to you, with the name and address of the lottery bond dealers, and asked them to send you their list. The fee you sent realised 10s. 5d. We are always at your service, and next time you want a private letter we will work off our debt.

G. F. M. I.—We are glad you have done well. A mine called Burbank's Birthday Gift is coming out. We believe it to be the best property in Coolgardie.

ENQUIRER.—Ask your broker for the receipt he got when he carried on the transfer; and when he sends it to you, write to the secretary, at 3, Gracechurch Street, E.C., enclosing the receipt, and asking for your certificate to be sent you in exchange for it. The secretary told us it was ready.

L'AMOUR.—The price of Ben Evans shares is 20s. to 21s. 6d. There ought to be an interim dividend soon. Write to the secretary, and ask about it. Louise shares are about 1-8 to 3-16 premium at this moment, but there is a "bear squeeze" going on, and if you are a holder, you would do well to sell and pocket your profit.

SOLD.—(1) As to what is the matter with Nitrate Rails, see this week's "Notes." (2) Buy San Jorge shares. (3) If you wish to try tea shares, we recommend you to spread your money over Doom Dooma, Jokai, and Assam shares, which, on average, will give you over 7 per cent.